

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

Dominion Control of Juvenile Courts

► BEFORE 1894 THERE WERE no provisions by the Dominion Government for the treatment of juvenile delinquents in Canada. They were lumped together with adult offenders, and at the discretion of the judge, could be treated like adults. In 1894 a federal act was passed providing for the trial of offenders under the age of sixteen "in camera" and for their detention separate from older offenders. For fourteen years there were no improvements to this act. By 1906 probation, which elsewhere had come to be regarded as the most essential feature of juvenile-court work, was practically unknown in Canada. The first Juvenile Delinquents' Act was finally adopted in the year 1908, and the responsibility of the Dominion Government for the treatment of juvenile offenders was for the first time recognized. There were legal difficulties in the passing of this act. It is generally recognized that juvenile delinquency should be regarded as a "state or condition" rather than an "illegal act or crime." Under the first definition it would have to be regarded as a civil matter, and as such would be under the exclusive jurisdiction of the provinces. Only if considered as a "crime" could juvenile delinquency come under Dominion authority.

Although the sentiments in this act have provided an admirable guide for the provinces to follow, there is no way in which they can be enforced. The question of jurisdiction crops up again in the establishment of juvenile courts, since all courts are set up under provincial authority. Thus although the Dominion can recommend *how* a juvenile offender shall be treated, it has no control over *who* shall be engaged in the task of rehabilitation. It is in fact essentially permissive legislation, legislation without teeth, and at any rate until recently appears to have been regarded as such in many parts of Canada.

Underlying the work of a juvenile court there are two important conceptions. The first of these is that a child shall be treated humanely; he shall not be regarded as responsible in the adult sense for his delinquencies. This is admirably expressed in section 38 of the Juvenile Delinquents' Act—

" . . . every juvenile delinquent shall be treated, not as a criminal, but as a misdirected child, and one needing aid and encouragement, help and assistance."

The other conception is one of prevention. Today's juvenile delinquents are tomorrow's criminals. It is safe to say that most adult criminals have at one time or another passed through a juvenile court. In other words, if a juvenile court can effect a cure today, there will be one less criminal in the future. A good program of prevention in cooperation with other community services is the main function of every well organized juvenile court. Boys and girls are not yet case hardened and can still be changed.

An efficient court is a diagnostic and treatment centre for juvenile delinquents. The experience and progress of the past fifty years in this field make it possible to say what would be an adequate court program for dealing with delinquency. A description of such a program will serve as a basis for a later description of some of the Canadian juvenile courts.

It is generally recognized that the key to any good juvenile court is high standards of probation work. A few children are committed to industrial schools, a few others are placed

(Continued on page 243)

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

| | |
|---|-----|
| DOMINION CONTROL OF JUVENILE COURTS—D.G.S. | 241 |
| EDITORIALS | 242 |
| SHAPERS OF THE MODERN OUTLOOK: KARL BARTH | |
| <i>William O. Fennell</i> | 246 |
| FREDERICTON— <i>James K. Chapman</i> | 248 |
| CANADIAN MUSIC TODAY— <i>Brian H. Taylor</i> | 249 |
| O CANADA | 251 |
| NIGHT EDITION (Short Story)— <i>Margaret Avison</i> | 251 |
| ILLUSTRATION (Wood Engraving)— <i>Laurence Hyde</i> | 252 |
| ON THE AIR— <i>Allan Sangster</i> | 254 |
| FILM REVIEW— <i>D. Mosdell</i> | 255 |
| WOOD ENGRAVING— <i>W. J. Phillips, R.C.A.</i> | 255 |
| MUSIC REVIEW— <i>Milton Wilson</i> | 256 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 256 |
| TURNING NEW LEAVES— <i>Frank H. Underhill</i> | 258 |
| BOOKS REVIEWED | 259 |

*Editorials***"Treasons, Stratagems and Spoils"**

A cartoon series entitled "They'll Do It Every Time" continues to enjoy a certain popularity. This might well be the title for a series of musical comedies or light operas chronicling the rise, crisis and decline of organizations that are set up as or become Communist front groups. Still, despite the humorous aspects, this is really not the subject for wit because good people are always victimized and hurt in these recurring dramas.

The latest enjoyed a brief celebrity when a Catholic Cardinal announced that a new arts society was using his name as sponsor without his consent. At once there was a great scurrying, and it was discovered that the organizing secretary of the society was a son-in-law of Dr. James Endicott, that he had been president of a college Labor-Progressive Club and was on terms of warmest comradeship with Mr. Timothy Buck.

Thereupon a number of easily predictable events took place. Some people reported that their names had also been used as sponsors without their consent and even without having received any request. A number of other well-meaning people said that since the objects of the society were splendid and shining they believed that the society was worthy of their support, regardless of the ideology of its organizer or any other members, and apparently without regard to the way in which the society might be used for political purposes. One well-known fellow traveller, his foot-work a little slow this time, was observed hastily retreating while proclaiming that he knew nothing of origins or beliefs of anyone in the organization. The secretary resigned, giving out a statement in which the charges against him were linked with the world-wide plot against peace launched by Wall Street. A few honest unsophisticates have been warned to behave themselves in future, but perhaps the pain that they have suffered will be small enough payment for the education they have received. And the cause, that of encouraging the arts and the artists, has suffered bloody bruises.

On the other hand, a few individuals who had been approached to help with the society, but had asked one or two simple questions, thus being removed from the sponsor group, have been able to remind themselves that a little watchfulness is a useful shield in these modern days.

The affair has another interesting feature. Once more, as so often before, the Communists have reversed themselves, this time on the cultural front. They now appear as champions of the Massey Commission Report, as if the situation were not already bad enough. It is melancholy indeed that the Government is listless and apathetic about creative activities and that the Progressive-Conservative Party seems ready to make political capital out of the Report if it will net them a vote or two. But when the Report first came out, a Communist journal launched a vicious, yet highly diverting, attack upon it. Another capitalist, war-mongering plot, it was charged. The people of Canada were to be bound by cultural chains to the American war machine. Proof of this charge, claimed the journal, was that the Prime Minister had announced the establishment of the Royal Commission in the very same week that he had announced treaties setting up NATO. More, the Canada Council, recommended by the Report, was modelled after

Hitler's "gauleiters of kultur." (Amusingly enough, in the same week a prominent public relations firm were explaining that Mr. Massey had borrowed the idea for the Canada Council from Stalin's cultural bureaus.) It now seems clear that the party leaders have eliminated their former cultural strategists and that the present tack is "united front."

Of course this was already foreshadowed in speeches by Mr. Buck, Mr. Ryerson and Mr. Morris made as long as two years ago. Noting their inability to make any new progress in trade union circles, the faithful were urged to seize upon art, music, literature, drama and films in order to build up a following and gain access to urban organizations, particularly those of the foreign-born. One interesting evidence of this is the curiously large number of Soviet films in 16 millimetre editions, which have been made available in many Canadian centres at rather modest rental charges on such subjects as ballet and music.

One can only hope that Canadians who are concerned with the state of the arts in Canada will not lose heart because of the negligence by some great power groups nor because an attempt may be made to use their efforts for the benefit of Communism. Art is in no way distinct from other desirable causes, such as civil liberties, in this respect. But one who aims to give support to the arts had better go armed with more than a lorgnette and good intentions.

McCarran and All That

It is surprising really how little we have grown used to the modern idea of a national state with sovereign rights. We suppose that our great neighbor to the south could, on this doctrine, exclude from her borders all aliens under five foot eight and remain secure in the knowledge that no court could reverse the decision. It would, of course, be questioned by a number of humanists, international communists, idealists, biologists, anarchists, Christians, socialists, mediaevalists, modernists, and other undesirables; but as, *ex hypothesi*, their appeal to an authority above the will of the sovereign state would be disallowed, it would not get very far, unless of course—but we had better not go on with this sentence. Still less can we complain if a state excludes people without giving *any reason at all*. That too is, we suppose, a sovereign right. We just are not used to it, despite our vaunted modernity, that is all.

The Canadian Forum is interested in receiving articles on public affairs, science, art, and literature, especially in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXXII, No. 385

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Published each month by
CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED
16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
Telephone: RA. 3116

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

We have struggled along quite well with the blinkers of the Good Neighbor Policy. Blinkers were an admirable device; they prevented the old gray mare from seeing the steam roller, except of course when she happened to meet one head on; then the trick was to oppose the blinker to the steam roller as quickly as possible and thus avoid an upset. But what happened to the old gray mare with her blinkers, and what to the steam roller? We forbear to go on with this involved simile either.

Mr. A cannot get a U.S. visa to go somewhere or other. He pursues official after official and eventually hears it darkly hinted that once his wife's car license number was taken down in a parade held to celebrate the valour of Republican Spain. Mr. B. returns from his holiday in Canada to resume his work in the U.S. and is stopped at the border. His home and all his household possessions are on the other side of the border. He is told he may never cross it again. No reasons. His friends, however, recall that when Russia was, pardon us, an ally, he was rather enthusiastic about it. Perhaps the immigration knew that too and were just being too polite to mention it; it would not be very neighborly to bring it up now, especially as Mr. B. has long since repented of this absurd loyalty of his younger days. Professor Michael Polanyi was invited to lecture at the University of Chicago. He was refused a visa. No reasons. But we know that *he* has spoken and written with penetrating brilliance of an uncommon order in criticism of communism and the like. The foolish, of course, would suppose him to be a most welcome visitor. Ah, but how foolish they are, they will never understand progress.

CBC Television

On a national basis American soap operas have consistently outranked CBC programs in popularity. This is an established pattern which both the Canadian public and the CBC have accepted. Nevertheless, we feel that the CBC has served the nation well in the radio fare it has provided. One important reason is that we can be selective in our radio listening and choose from many programs and stations.

Because television is such a powerful medium, the CBC has treated it with the utmost caution. Since the opening of CBLT in September, this government station has had no Canadian competitor. Fortunately Lake Ontario, between Buffalo and Toronto, allows Canadian viewers to choose between WBEN TV and CBLT. According to independent surveys seven out of ten Canadians prefer to view the American station.

In an attempt to cajole more commercial sponsors and more shows of the type audiences enjoy, the CBC revised its rates at the beginning of this year. Commercial sponsors can now bring in live show from the United States for half the former cost. Or "canned" film shows can be presented without the advertiser subsidizing studio productions. The rental of studio facilities for presenting live commercials which might employ Canadian talent remains excessively high.

A protective attitude rarely permits freedom and growth. The CBC's policy in limiting television as a government monopoly and in protecting Canadian talent has not proven successful in the Toronto area. There are thousands of Canadians who do not know what a television program looks like. In this they may be fortunate, for the experiment in Toronto shows that Canadians are not particularly interested in seeing what the CBC has served up. We cannot help but feel that the recent revision in rates should speedily be followed up by a complete review and revision of the CBC's television policy for Canada.

William Clifford Clark

William Clifford Clark, who died on December 30, was one of a number of men who have gone from the staff of Queen's University to do distinguished work for the Government of Canada. Adam Short, O. D. Skelton, Norman Rogers, Clark and W. A. Mackintosh: it is an impressive list. Clark became Deputy Minister of Finance in 1932, and completely revolutionized the department. Until this time, the cabinet had relied largely on outside advice in its formulation of financial and economic policy. The enormous strengthening of the department and the setting up of the Bank of Canada did away with this necessity. The men he chose to staff his department made it possible for Canada to meet representatives of Great Britain and the United States on equal terms at any level: the difference, ceasing to be one of quality, became one of numbers only.

Compared with many civil servants of high rank, he was reticent, and did not discuss government policy in public, but he was easily approachable and commanded the respect of successive governments, of the business world, and of the academic economists. He had the most remarkable capacity for work, and physical exhaustion, or even sickness, did not stop his intellectual activity. Many will remember him for his kindness and his sense of humor. *The Canadian Forum* pays tribute to an old friend.

DOMINION CONTROL OF JUVENILE COURTS

(Continued from front page)

in foster homes, but the majority are placed on probation by the judge, and what happens to them after that is the responsibility of the probation officer. A court must be adequately staffed. It is obvious that the two probation officers who served the whole of Montreal (a city of a million and a quarter inhabitants) back in 1932 were not able to do their job properly. It is exacting work, furthermore, and calls for the highest type of personnel, men and women with a considerable understanding of human nature, and knowledge of the community, as well as training. No authority on the subject would for a moment recommend the employment of a probation officer who was not a graduate from a university, preferably with additional training in social work. So the first requirement is trained probation officers with case loads sufficiently small that they will be able to give as much individual attention to each child as is necessary.

For diagnostic purposes good standards of clinical resources are obviously essential. Every children's Detention Home should have medical and dental services available, every court should employ a full-time psychiatrist, at any rate in urban districts. In smaller centres, travelling "behaviour" clinics are often satisfactorily used. The investigations of doctor, psychiatrist, psychologist, and probation officer should all be studied by the juvenile-court judge before he passes judgment.

In the treatment of delinquency a close working relationship between the court and all the children's and family-welfare agencies in the city is necessary. For example, if the fault is with the child's parents, or home conditions, a family agency may be able to straighten things out; if foster-home placement is needed, a Children's Aid Society or kindred organization may be called on; if a boy needs to be drawn into social activities, the cooperation of the YMCA or some boys' club will be required. In a well-organized program to combat delinquency, the juvenile court will be only a part of the whole system.

The detention of juvenile delinquents for short periods of time is sometimes unavoidable. A detention home is needed

in conjunction with most courts, even if the stay there is only overnight. However, the period may easily be for as long as a couple of weeks. It is usual practice for the judge to adjourn the first hearing until full information can be obtained both about the child, and his family and neighborhood. While this is being done it may be advisable to keep the child in confinement. This is not by any means always true. In Saskatchewan, for example, which has the most up-to-date regulations of any province, a child may not be detained under any circumstances, unless actually committed to a reform school. However, in other provinces it is generally considered convenient to have a children's detention home in every centre of any size. These are often in the same building as the juvenile court, or close to it.

Children's detention homes in large cities vary considerably. Conditions in some of them appear to be highly undesirable. Yet adequate standards are merely a question of interest and sufficient funds. When it is considered that a period of about two weeks of detention is the only time that most delinquent children will ever come under the complete control of responsible authorities, the importance of these institutions in the general framework will be realized. Adequate accommodation, trained personnel, a grade-school program, even a special vocational program would be included in the picture.

How do juvenile courts in Canada measure up to the above standards? There is very little uniformity. The treatment of juvenile offenders varies from town to town and from province to province to a remarkable degree. In some provinces the general level of courts is high, in others, quite low, depending to a large extent on the type of provincial legislation that is in force. Generally speaking, legislation which is "social" in content as well as legal, and which permits the province to take over most of the expenses of a court, appears to be the best. This is best illustrated in the case of Saskatchewan. There the whole juvenile-court organization is entirely controlled by the province. In order to ensure that probation officers may represent the interests of the child independently of the requirements of justice, they are made responsible not to the judge, but to a different government department altogether, and are a part of the social-welfare field staff of the province. Before pronouncing judgment, a juvenile-court judge is compelled by law to have received and studied a full report on the child's history, and that of his family, prepared by the probation officer. Industrial schools are regarded as "welfare institutions." Since the present government in Saskatchewan is one which takes a great interest in all phases of welfare, these schools are staffed by the best trained personnel that can be obtained, and appear to be modern in every respect. Children are sent to them for indefinite periods rather than fixed sentences, to take away as much as possible from the idea of a prison sentence. Indeed, up-to-date reform schools are more in every respect like boarding schools than prisons. The Shawbridge School, which serves the English-speaking population of Quebec, has dispensed entirely with the idea of forcible detention. The boys are trusted not to run away.

Until recently the state of affairs in Alberta was very different to Saskatchewan. Here antiquated legislation was to be found alongside provincial and municipal indifference. The Provincial Government took little responsibility for the Juvenile Courts. Probation officers could be appointed by any municipality without the approval of the Attorney General. Supreme Court Judges and District Court Judges were not required to act as Juvenile Court Judges unless they wished to do so—an unusual way of defining functions! The legislation seems to have been designed to keep the expenses on the municipalities. Salaries for probation officers were to

come from municipal funds. Presumably many municipalities did not wish to cooperate in this programme, and did not appoint probation officers, for there was a clause in the act which said that the Judge might if necessary appoint a probation officer himself, without remuneration. The Province was still not going to pay the shot!

The Alberta Juvenile Courts were only one aspect of the field of Provincial Child Welfare which was studied and severely criticised by the recently appointed Royal Commission. As a result of the recommendations of this Commission, the publicity given to the disgraceful conditions existing in Alberta for the detention of children, and also a widespread and alarming increase in juvenile delinquency throughout the Province, various measures were put into effect during 1952, and a new Juvenile Court Act came into effect. These reforms were only made possible by the Provincial Government finally accepting more responsibility in the field of juvenile delinquency.

Alberta may well have had the poorest organization for dealing with delinquency of any province; yet the situation in Quebec where the legislation is comparatively advanced, is in some respects as much open to criticism. Quebec has good juvenile courts on paper; their shortcomings are not so obvious. The present Quebec children's legislation came into effect in 1950 with the passing of the "Youth Protection Schools' Act" and an "Act to Establish a Social Welfare Court." These two statutes are like the Curate's eggs—good in spots. They appear to have been drawn up in a hasty and careless fashion. In the former, due to an oversight, no legal protection from abuse and neglect was available for children under six years of age in the province. This was later amended.

There is an even more astonishing omission in the "Act to Establish a Social Welfare Court." This is the only such act in Canada where there is no mention of probation officers in the provincial juvenile courts' set-up. The Dominion Juvenile Delinquency Act must be resorted to in order to give probation officers any status in the province. This omission is all the more startling if it is realized that probation work is recognized as the basis of all work with juvenile offenders.

In other respects these two statutes are quite progressive, although the Youth Protection Act does not compare favorably with the "Children's Protection Acts" in other provinces. However, the government accepts responsibility for the maintenance of juvenile courts throughout the province, and allows for the appointment of up to ten full-time juvenile court judges to preside over the different "social-welfare court districts." In actual practice five of these judges preside over the district of greater Montreal, and as the five remaining of the quota are not enough to spread over the rest of the province, provision is made in the act for district magistrates to preside over social welfare courts.

How this act works out in actual practice is well exemplified in the Social Welfare Court in Montreal. This is in a modern building on St. Denis Street, built in 1933 for this purpose. The general appointments could hardly be bettered, though the court is a little cramped for space at the present time. There is a well-equipped dental clinic, and a medical clinic in the court building. A behaviour clinic staffed by psychologists and social workers functions in conjunction with the court (it is under the Department of Youth and Welfare). Over twenty probation officers are now employed by the court. Superficially the set-up is ideal. However, a little investigation will show serious flaws in the organization which cannot be rectified through the new but vague and unspecific provincial legislation. For example, the Boys' Detention Home, which is at the

back of the court, is staffed by men paid by the province but earning about half the wages that an unskilled laborer would receive today in a factory. This is a "chair-warming" job, and men can be obtained at such low rates because there is so little work to do. The boys are housed in two large rooms during the day, younger boys on one side, older boys on the other. The only furniture in these rooms is a heavy table in the centre, and wooden benches along the sides. There may be as many as twenty boys in one room at one time. They have nothing to do. No program is arranged for them, there is no schooling, there are no books for them to read. You may go into this detention home at any hour of the day, and you will find a few boys wrestling and fighting in the middle of the room, a few lying around sleeping in corners, others singing or talking or swapping stories. The atmosphere is one of complete lack of discipline. After ten days or so in this place a boy may be taken for his examination by the psychologist—small wonder if he is found to be socially maladjusted under the circumstances! Many boys remain in detention for two or three weeks—even longer, with absolutely nothing to do. Yet the meals are excellent, and the clinical services could hardly be bettered. These undesirable conditions could have been easily avoided if the provincial act had been specific regarding the necessary organization of a detention home.

What is the situation in regard to the "unspecified" probation officers at the Montreal Court? They are graded as Class "G" Civil Servants. The starting salary for men is \$1680 a year; \$1320 for women; it is safe to say that they could be included in the lowest income group in Canada at the present time. It is impossible to support a family on

such a wage, and many of these officials work only part time from necessity, and make up their income elsewhere. The real danger is of these jobs deteriorating to the level of sinecures, particularly as there are no minimum standards of employment, and only a few probation officers have the type of training that would be recognized as necessary elsewhere.

In Ontario juvenile courts are paid for by the municipalities where they are established. However, the Ontario government now subsidizes according to set rates. As one would expect, under a system of local responsibility, there is quite a wide variation in the standards. The larger centres, like Toronto and Hamilton, are able to have very well organized courts. The higher standards at the Toronto Court, for example, are the result of local interest, not provincial requirements. In Toronto the salary range for probation officers starts at the \$3000 mark, and the court is sufficiently well staffed to keep case loads low enough for careful rehabilitation work to be done. The Detention Home has a grade-school program for children. The staff of the court consists mostly of psychologists and trained social workers.

In the smaller Ontario towns and counties, juvenile-court work is usually done by the local magistrates. Frequently the duties of court-probation officer and school-attendance officer are performed by the same person.

Of the other provinces not mentioned thus far, it might be said that the juvenile-court work bears a close relation with the government's interest in the organization of welfare generally. In British Columbia, for example, which is credited with one of the best government social-welfare programs in Canada, the legislation is very similar to Ontario,



IS HIS FACE RED - TOO!

but the disadvantage of having local responsibility for the expenses of the courts is somewhat offset by the standards of personnel and salaries being fixed by the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Maritimes, like the rest of Canada, reveal wide differences, depending on the legislation, financial responsibility and community resources. The Juvenile Court in the city of Halifax is supported mostly out of provincial funds. In New Brunswick the act states that the municipalities shall bear the necessary expenses.

To summarize: in all important centres in Canada, with the exception of cities in the province of Quebec, probation officers appear to receive adequate salaries, but there is no uniformity on the subject of essential qualifications. Adequacy of staffing also varies greatly, depending usually on who foots the bill and their ability to foot it. The general level of organization improves with interest and financial support from the province.

With regard to detention homes, there is no uniformity whatever: in Alberta, detention practices could be described as vicious; in other centres, like Toronto, an excellent set-up has existed for many years. The city of Halifax has no detention home. The province of Saskatchewan has done away with the idea of short-term detention altogether. Many juvenile courts in Canada do not conform to minimum standards. Only a few are seriously using their potentialities to the full to eliminate juvenile crime.

The fact of the matter is that juvenile delinquency is a Dominion problem, was recognized as such with the passing of the first Juvenile Delinquents' Act in 1908, and should be treated as such today. The Dominion government ought to enact measures to ensure that the provisions of the Delinquency Act are carried out across the country. How can this be done, when the control of all courts is a provincial responsibility? There is only one way of course, and that is for the Canadian government to share the cost with the provinces and municipalities. Higher standards of treatment are apparent when a provincial administration is interested in and contributes towards local courts. In the same way the federal government would be able to raise standards across the whole country. This might be done by a system of grants, similar to that employed by the Ontario provincial government in raising standards of local Children's Aid Societies. There the societies are visited by government inspectors three or four times a year, and are graded on the basis of their personnel, records, agency practices, etc., grants being made according to the grade achieved.

From Dominion viewpoint it is not only common sense to do the utmost to combat juvenile delinquency; it is also good economy. The cost of the upkeep of penitentiaries in the future will be lessened by investing in juvenile courts today.

D.G.S.



Shapers of the Modern Outlook

Karl Barth: Theologian of the Word

► "IN KARL BARTH we have uncontestedly the greatest figure in Christian Theology that has appeared in decades." This tribute, written in 1937 by the late H. R. MacIntosh, a critical admirer of the man and his works, still holds good today. There is no serious theologian with a reputation to lose who does not find it necessary to come to grips with the thought of Karl Barth. Since one's outlook is shaped not only by those who "speak to him" positively, but also by those with whom he is in the negative relation of disagreement, it may be said that Barth is the "shaper of the modern outlook" in theology par excellence.

Barth's theology has been variously known as a "Theology of Crisis," "Dialectical Theology," "Neo-Orthodoxy," and most recently a "Theology of the Word of God." Although the last phrase is the most apt, each is significant and marks, as it were, a stage in the development of his thought.

A new departure in Protestant theology began with the publication in 1918 of Barth's first major work, *The Epistle to the Romans*. "Barth's Romans, coming after a generation of cool, objective Biblical scholarship, gave the theological world a sudden shock, for it dared to translate Paul's Epistle to the Romans into a special-delivery letter from God to the 20th Century."

Barth had been shaken awake from his theological slumbers by the catastrophe of the first world war. He tells of his experience as a pastor in Switzerland seeking to preach to people, before whom an abyss had opened, some Word of Reality that would match the stern reality of thunderous guns sounding across the border in Alsace. The only message he had for them was one grounded in the religious idealism of Hegel and the religious subjectivism of Schleiermacher, that is the message of a God made largely in the image of man, whose Will was but a "corrected continuation of our own." This God seemed to be but the pinnacle of the "Tower of Babel" that man had been seeking for several centuries to build and who gave every promise of crashing with the tower which even then was quaking. There was nothing to be derived from faith in such a God to match the crisis of the hour.

With the help of Soren Kierkegaard, Barth sought and found "another God," not the God of human logic, or religious piety, but the God of the Scriptures. Setting aside all the presuppositions of an immanentist religious philosophy, Barth decided to let the Scriptures speak for themselves. He discovered in them a "Strange New World," a world wherein God was the chief actor, not man; a world wherein man and his thoughts and doings were of interest only within the context of God, of His speaking and doing. From beginning to end the Scriptures testify and affirm the Sovereignty of God. "We have found in the Bible a new world, God, God's sovereignty, God's glory, God's incomprehensible love. Not the history of man, but the history of God! . . . Not human standpoints, but the standpoint of God." The God of the Bible is not the extension of the highest in human life, but the superlative of man. He is the "Wholly Other." He is not the God who is immanent in man and his world, but transcendent over man and world as Creator and Lord. He is not a God about whom one can speak "simply by speaking of man in a loud voice." One can speak of Him only on the basis of His own self-speaking, only on the basis of His own self-revelation. "It is not right

human thoughts about God which form the content of the Bible, but the right divine thoughts about man . . . The word of *God* is in the Bible." Hitherto Barth had thought of the Bible as the record of man's quest for God. He found instead that it witnessed to God's search for man. Here man found God only on the basis of God's finding him; man knew God only on the basis of God's knowing him.

Barth's theology became known as a "Theology of Crisis" because at first he sought in this new-found knowledge of God in the Scriptures an answer to the concrete problems of human existence, especially in relation to the general break-down of liberal humanist culture, of which the first world war was but an episode. He thought of the human experience of despair and longing, born out of catastrophe, as providing a preparation for man's receiving the Gospel of the Word of God. Thus in the self-revealing Word of God witnessed to in the Scriptures man might find the answer to the problematic character of human existence, especially in relation to the stark realities of sin, catastrophe, and death. Later Barth abandoned this point of view in favor of a more transcendental theology wherein no point of contact could be found between the world of God and the world of man. God does not come to answer human problems, but to create problems of His own. He does not come to meet man's religious longings and aspirations, but to stand in judgment over all human activity, even that concerned with morality and religion. Barth gave up all interest in the question of religious experience and held out for the sheer objectivity of the Word of God. It is this Word of God as witnessed to in the Scriptures, and it alone, which is the true object of theology and subject of preaching. As one has said concerning the contemporary Barth, "He is clearly pressing for a decision on the part of the whole Church that the nature and content of the Christian revelation is *message* and not interpretation of existence. Certainly the message will lead to much fruitful and illuminating interpretation. But always it remains in essence message; and message which itself confers freedom to accept it."

It is for this reason that Barth is accused, even by those who have been greatly influenced by his thought, of isolating the Divine events of revelation from the rest of the historic process. He has completely severed the transcendent activity of God in Creation and Redemption from God's continuous action in and purpose for the world. There are many whom Barth has helped to see that the Word of God is something that is addressed to man and not something derived from man and that there are no *human* answers to the political and social, moral and religious upheavals of our time, who yet believe that these latter are not without theological significance. "Nothing," says Reinhold Niebuhr, "is so incredible as an answer to an unasked question." Barth, it seems to him and to others, has made God so transcendent and His Word of revelation so unrelated to the human situation as to make it "incredible" and even "irrational." Paul Tillich accuses Barth of falling into a "supernaturalism that takes the Christian message to be a sum of revealed truths which have fallen into the human situation like strange bodies from a strange world"; and since Barth seeks for no points of contact between the man who is addressed and the Word by which he is addressed, the Word of God must be *thrown* at man in his situation, "thrown like a stone."

Barth's theology has been called "dialectical" because of the host of paradoxes and antinomies which run through his works. When God, who is eternal, manifests Himself in time the words of man which seek to witness to that revelation cannot be the words of a consistent logic. There must either

be a breaking or a transcending of the logical structure of man's reason. Barth seems inclined to say that neither is the case; rather, man's reason is re-created by the creative power of God's Spirit and thus is enabled to receive the knowledge of His Word. In any event the language of the Scriptures, and the language of preaching and theology grounded therein, is and must be the language of paradox and antinomy.

Barth's theology has been called "neo-orthodox" because many believe to find in him a return to the "orthodoxy" of The Reformation and Post-Reformation church. The term does not fit his theology very well. It suggests something much too rigid, much too frozen, much too fixed. As H. R. MacIntosh has written: "He offers clear principles, definite assumptions, but never a closed system. Theology on the wing, it has been called. His thought moves, it does not crystallize. Of him, as of Dostoevski, we may say that he is not interested in tepid notions; there is a dash of the spirit of Heraclitus in him, everything is heat and motion, opposition and struggle."

A Theology of the Word of God—this is the most appropriate description of Barth's work and indicates best wherein his significance lies. For many his has been the most clear and insistent voice of this generation in challenging the Christian Church to take with absolute seriousness the Bible as the one true source for man's knowledge of God. "Karl Barth, whatever may be the fate of his theology as a whole, will surely be recognized by future historians as the one who opened up again, for Christian Faith, that 'strange new world within the Bible' of which he has so eloquently written—the world of *God*, which is not to be reduced to the world of *man*, however moral and religious he may be." Barth is no fundamentalist, even though the unknowing accuse him of being such. The God who is witnessed to in the Scriptures is sovereign over them, resisting the tendency of man to turn any finite thing, including "Holy Writ," into an idol.

Karl Barth's major theological work, his great *Kirchliche Dogmatik*, is far from finished. Eight huge volumes already have been published, and it seems that there will be at least as many more to follow. Only half of the first volume of this work has been translated into English, though there are twenty or so other works available to English readers. The quality and extent of his writings already mark him as one of the greatest theologians of all times.

WILLIAM O. FENNELL.



Fredericton

James K. Chapman

► FREDERICTON BECAME the capital of New Brunswick in 1786, two years after the creation of the province, not because the little town of St. Ann's was an important centre but because it was thought that the interior of the province would become settled sooner than if the capital were to remain at St. John. Furthermore, Governor Carleton felt that the government would have a greater degree of independence at Fredericton than would be the case under the immediate surveillance of the prosperous and well-established "pre-Loyalist Yankees" of the seaport town. A third factor in the decision to remove the capital to Fredericton may have been that the inland town would be easier to defend than St. John, and the real founders of New Brunswick, the Loyalists, were deeply suspicious that the future tendencies of the United States might not always be peaceful.

The new capital was laid out on a sandy flat on the right bank of the St. John River, almost opposite the point at which the Nashwaak, one of the most beautiful tributaries, empties into the main river. Until this century the St. John River was the chief avenue of commerce and communication: in winter by horse and sleigh or even skates; in summer, first by canoe and sailing vessel and later by steamboat. A daily steamboat service was maintained between Fredericton and St. John until four or five years ago. A stage-coach service was established in the 1840's, but it was not until 1871 that Fredericton obtained rail communication with St. John, Montreal, and Boston, in all cases via the famous European and North American Railway. Later other railway lines were built connecting Fredericton with outside points.

The town of Fredericton, incorporated as a city in 1849, grew but slowly. It was, and is today, not only the centre of government, but also the religious and educational capital of New Brunswick. While Fredericton has always been a supply point for agriculture and lumbering of the surrounding area, its importance in this respect has been limited by the fact that these industries have never been possible on a large scale. There are no other resources upon which large manufacturing concerns can be built. Fredericton, therefore, has had no reason to be a big city. Indeed, it was not until the beginning of World War II that anything but a slow and gradual increase in population occurred. But more important than the war in the city's growth was the expansion of government services arising out of the philosophy of the Welfare State. The resulting increases in the number of civil servants, combined with the fillip imparted by the war and the incorporation into the city of the small town of Devon on the opposite bank of the river, have roughly doubled Fredericton's population in the last dozen years, until it is now about 18,000. It is possible to measure Fredericton's gradual growth by the names of its streets. The oldest bear such names as Queen, King, Brunswick, George, Charlotte, York, and Regent, those added in the mid-nineteenth century, Victoria, Albert, Aberdeen, etc., and those of the twentieth are represented by Beaverbrook, Montgomery, Elizabeth, and by names of a host of more purely local dignitaries. Presumably the large army training centre presently being established in the lower St. John Valley a dozen miles from Fredericton will have the effect of enhancing the growth of the city's population and business activity.

The sharp increase in population in recent years has resulted in a housing shortage, a strain upon essential services, and a boom in construction. In addition to individual

home construction it has been found necessary to complete three new housing sub-divisions, to build several new lower schools, add wings to the High School and Public Hospital, and to erect a new City Market. To add to the boom a new Federal Government Offices building, a New Brunswick Power Commission building, a New Brunswick Telephone Company headquarters, and one of the most imposing hotels in the Maritime Provinces, the Lord Beaverbrook, have been constructed. It is evident from this catalogue that the emphasis has been placed on providing better services rather than on building manufacturing and processing industries. Fredericton's basic industry may be said to be "services"; it exists by reason of and lives by means of the services it renders. If several small wood-working plants and a publishing firm are excepted, it is true to say that no new manufacturing industries have been started since the war. There are three long-established boot and shoe factories and a canoe factory, which together employ a few hundred hands. A few score more skilled workers are employed in the Canadian Cottons Ltd. plant in the neighboring town of Marysville. Only a very small proportion of Fredericton's population is employed in "industry."

The most important business activity in Fredericton is merchandising. The merchants, together with the professional men, chiefly the doctors and the lawyers, make up the leading class in the city and provide it with its government. This is chiefly because they have the greatest interest in civic affairs, but it is also due to the fact that there is a property-owning qualification for civic office. There are no restrictions on the franchise except that one must have paid taxes. Councillors represent wards, but are elected by the city electorate as a whole. Provincial party organizations do not take part, at least openly, in civic elections.

The great majority of the permanent population of Fredericton is solid, some might say "stolid," Anglo-Celtic stock. There are, however, several small minority groups in the population, two of which, the Jews and the Negroes, are sufficiently numerous to be noted. The former are almost invariably merchants, and while there is perhaps a little jealousy of their material prosperity on the part of Gentiles, they are well integrated into the community. Prosperity and nearly full employment in Fredericton, and rejection of Hitler's racialism, have combined to eliminate the most flagrant forms of discrimination against the Negro. It is perhaps safe to say that while the Negro's economic position has improved somewhat, many employers still fear that the employment of Negroes is not "good business." This results in there being relatively few opportunities in the better paid occupations and, as a consequence, few Negro young people avail themselves of the opportunity of high school education without which they are not eligible for these jobs.

It would be incorrect to leave the impression that Fredericton is altogether concerned with business. While the trend is undoubtedly toward a more secular outlook, religion plays an important part in the lives of the inhabitants. Fredericton is a city of churches, and, in addition to the Synagogue and the Roman Catholic churches, most of the older Protestant denominations are represented by at least one fine building. It is also a University town, the home of the University of New Brunswick and the site of the Provincial Teachers College. Fredericton is sufficiently small that the presence of these institutions and their students and staff is felt not only economically, but also socially and intellectually, to a much greater extent than would be the case in a larger community. Many of the students at Teachers College are Acadians, and their gay French imparts a cosmopolitan flavor to overheard street

conversations. The University of New Brunswick stands on the hillside overlooking the city, and Fredericton is at its most colorful in the autumn when the brilliant red sweaters and jackets of the student body rival the green and gold of the elms which line its streets.

Frederictonians are served by a daily newspaper, *The Gleaner*, by a bi-weekly paper, and by radio station CFNB. There are also two movie houses and a drive-in theatre. Legitimate theatre as well as variety is the preserve of amateur groups, whilst good music is provided by the Community Concert Association. Steps are now being taken to establish a civic orchestra. While we are on the subject of cultural pursuits, it may be remarked that Fredericton produced the first native Canadian group of poets, namely, the Carman-Roberts-Sherman school. A new group has been formed in the last few years and has been publishing a small poetry magazine, *The Fiddlehead*, several times each year. The next issue of this journal will be open to contributors throughout Canada.

Baseball is the most popular of the summer sports, and hockey, curling, and basketball of the winter. The hills in the vicinity afford excellent skiing when sufficient snow falls, but the climate varies considerably from year to year. In the summer the weather can be, and often is, hot, but there is always the prospect of a loaf in the park or on the green, boating on the river, a pleasant drive along quiet country roads, or a week-end of swimming at Grand Lake, some thirty miles distant.

Fredericton is a good place in which to live, combining the advantages of both city and village in a setting of natural beauty; a place which, despite the bustle and noise of market days when the traffic jam is not unknown, remembers and respects its past when life was more leisurely and perhaps more charming than is that of the mid-twentieth century.

Canadian Music Today

Brian H. Taylor

► THE TERM "Canadian music" covers a multitude of sins, from the incidental radio music of Lucio Agostini to New Brunswick choral groups.

Even here it is difficult to know quite what is meant by the term Canadian music. Who is Canadian and who isn't? In catalogues of Canadian composers we invariably find included people like Arthur Benjamin, the Australian who happened to live in Vancouver for a few years, Dr. Arnold Walter, who came to Canada from Czechoslovakia in 1937, and many other Canadians who haven't lived here since childhood. Are these to be regarded as Canadian composers? Again there is the question as to whether music can be national. Can there be such a thing as a Canadian composition? Obviously we can have program music on some Canadian theme, but this is not strictly Canadian music, any more than that of some Canadian composer living in New York who writes a "Manhattan Etude."

We have across the country some five or six regional schools of music, usually rising side by side with a conservatory of music or symphony orchestra, and usually founded by, or circulating around some dominant figure, who is international in training and outlook. This is the usual state of affairs and can be compared to the regional schools in U.S. In Quebec City and French-Montreal we have two regional schools radiating from the conservatoires de musique, and producing music quite different to the Anglo-Celtic tradition of English-Toronto, though the difference is not so marked as in art. In Quebec, music was given great

encouragement by the introduction of Le Prix d'Europe, and before the first world war was dominated by Leo-Pol Morin and Rodolphe Mathieu. Following the war saw a string of nationalist composers: Guillaume Couture with "Jean le Precursor," Alfred Laliberte and his opera "Soeur Beatrice," Emilio Renaud and Arthur Letondel.

Today from Quebec comes the pianist Andre Mathieu, best known for the "Quebec concerto," from the film *La Forteresse*; Maurice Blackburn, who has been composing for the National Film Board since 1942; Hector Graton, born in Hull, winner of Lallemand prize and best known for the symphonic poem "Legende;" and George-Emile Tanguy who studied in Paris under Louis Vienne and Pietro Yon, and who represented Canada at the 1946 Prague Music Festival.

In Montreal, associated with Quebec Conservatory is Claude Champagne, whose "Suite Canadienne" is one of the few Canadian works commercially recorded. Dr. J. J. Gagnier is from Montreal and is at present musical director for Quebec with CBC. Younger composers are Maurice Delare, who studied under Champagne at McGill Conservatory, best known for his "Ballade;" Jean Vallerand, whose tone poem "The Devil in the Belfry" has been heard many times; Jean Papineau-Couture and August Descarries. Alexander Brott is a professor of music at McGill Conservatory, and recently returned from a tour of Europe where he played many Canadian compositions. His works have been heard many times, especially "Oracle," "War and Peace," "Suite for Piano," and the recorded "From Sea to Sea" suite.

From east to west, the next regional group is centered around Toronto, fostered by the Royal Conservatory and Toronto symphony. Probably the leading Toronto composer is John Weinzeig, chairman of the recently formed Canadian League of Composers, founder and conductor of The University of Toronto symphony, who reflects in his music the influence of early Schönberg through the Eastman school of music. He has done a great deal of original radio and film work, including music for "Edge of the World," but perhaps best known for his latest ballet "The Whirling Dwarf," suites and sonatas, and his greatest work, the String Quartet No. 2.

The English tradition of Vaughan-Williams has been sustained through Dr. Healey Willan, organist and composer, whose opera "Deirdre of the Sorrows" has been performed over CBC. His piano concerto was recently recorded commercially. Similarly through Leonard Smith, of the Hallé and



HAROLD FRANCIS

Toronto Symphony orchestras, and Godfrey Ridout, with the popular "Festival Overture," and "Ballade."

There is one other Torontonian, who is perhaps the most famous of them all; that is Louis Applebaum, chief musician for the National Film Board. Mr. Applebaum studied under the first great American composer—Roy Harris. He wrote music for many films including Hollywood's *Lost Boundaries* and *Teresa*, the surrealist *Dreams that Money can Buy* from New York, and also composed the music for the abstract stereoscopic film, produced by Norman McLaren of National Film Board, and shown at the recent British Festival and Toronto Exhibition.

From Winnipeg comes one of the exceptional figures of Canadian music. Barbara Pentland is one of the few composers who have managed to break completely with their traditional past. Pentland is a radical composer who studied in Paris, at the Juilliard school of music, and under Jacobi, Wagenaar, and Copland. Her music is Copland music, stark neo-classic Stravinskian music in the North American tradition which follows from Harris and Copland to William Schuman, Barber, and Piston. She is best known for the ballet "Beauty and the Beast," the piano quartet and sonata, and the orchestral "Holiday Suite."

Robert Fleming is from Saskatchewan; he studied in Saskatoon under Lyell Gustin, and under Herbert Howells and Arthur Benjamin. He is perhaps best known for his songs, piano pieces, and the orchestral "Around the House" suite.

A variety of younger composers originate from B.C., circling around the Vancouver symphony who program a fair percentage of Canadian compositions. Leonard Basham studied under Benjamin and Wagenaar, and his opera "Seaport Town" and clarinet quartet are well known. Another really outstanding Canadian composer comes from Vancouver; another woman—Jean Coulthard Adams who studied under Vaughan-Williams, Benjamin, and Copland. Mrs. Adams is a concert pianist touring U.S. and Europe frequently. Her music, too, is in the North American vein of Aaron Copland.

In summing up, it is possible to see two kinds of music being written in Canada: one type originating through regional groups, well-written Canadian music in a somewhat limited sense; the other, the effects of the impact of European radicalism of early Stravinsky and Schonberg. This has been metamorphized by the introduction of Bartok and the dialectic effect of Copland, which twisted the North American traditionism of Manson and Griffes into something radically organic. A new concept of rhythm and crescendo which is perhaps the only North American contribution which will last. This wave has passed into Canada and produced at least three, possibly more, composers who compete on an international scale with their contemporaries.

These are, surprisingly enough, all women: Jean Coulthard Adams of Vancouver, Barbara Pentland of Winnipeg, and Violet Archer of Montreal, a graduate of McGill Conservatory and pupil of Hindemith and Bartok, best known for songs, pieces for piano, flute, organ, and the oratorio setting for "Sea Drift."

Other names come to mind as being individual rather than regional composers: Harry Somers of Toronto, Andy Twa from the west, and Oscar Morawetz, whose "Carnival" was given its twenty-fifth performance recently by the Vancouver symphony. Who has heard of Violet Archer? Probably less than one per cent of the population. Is it possible that less than one per cent have heard of Samuel Barber in U.S., or of Tippett in England? With no facilities for reading about Canadian music, much less of hearing some of it, there is no

reason in the world why we should venture beyond the harbor of Benny Goodman or Tchaikovsky's fifth.

We have in Canada four major symphony orchestras, and a fair number of smaller groups, but with one or two exceptions, very few Canadian compositions are performed through these channels, and it is extremely infrequent that Canadian or foreign orchestras play Canadian compositions in live performances outside Canada. The only answer is radio, and the CBC has made several valiant attempts on behalf of Canadian music, perhaps more than its merits, in much the same way that National Film Board has put Canadian film-making on an international scale. From time to time there have been program series of Canadian compositions for domestic and foreign consumption which have been a very fair evaluation of music across the country.

Music in Canada is fairly healthy. It is no chance however, that the majority of composers are conservatory teachers, musicians or critics; they need subsidies, scholarships and study centres like Tanglewood. Perhaps the implementation of the Massey report will make this possible.

Twenty-five Years Ago

VOL. 8, NO. 89, FEBRUARY, 1928, *The Canadian Forum*

The editors wish to thank Mr. Sandwell for his letter, in the January issue of *The Canadian Forum*. Mr. Sandwell is quite correct in pointing out that, while the River St. Lawrence, to, and into the sea, and all navigable boundary waters, are forever free and open for the purposes of commerce to the inhabitants and to the ships, vessels, and boats of both countries, Lake Michigan and all canals connecting boundary waters, existing or to be constructed, are open to the inhabitants of both countries only for the period that the Boundary Waters Treaty (1909), is in force.

We heartily concur in the hope that the St. Lawrence deep waterway and power scheme can be carried out, and Canadian ownership and control of the canals and power stations be retained. There is a tendency in certain quarters, however, to assume that the whole project is contrary to the best interests of Canada, without giving any real consideration to its legal, political, and economic advantages and disadvantages. Since the paragraph in question was written, several interesting articles on the question have appeared in various reviews and magazines, all of which is very much to the good; for the people of Canada cannot know too much about it. The editors wish to thank another reader for drawing their attention to an article on this topic in the *Geographical Review* of April, 1927.





**FEAR SOCIALISM AT AJAX
CHAMBER SUSPECTS GOVERNMENT ACTIVITY**

Niagara Falls, Jan. 17—A study of industrial development in the community of Ajax, just east of Toronto, with a view to determining whether it is, in effect, a venture into socialism by the Federal Government at the expense of other Ontario communities, was asked at a workshop session of the Ontario Chamber of Commerce at the 41st annual meeting here. (The Telegram)

"It all started when I investigated an accident on Thames St. involving three cars," said Constable Patterson. "When I took Keith Bruce in charge, his three brothers came to his rescue. . . . Every time a spectator would come to my assistance, one of the brothers would attack the spectator. With reinforcements we finally got things straightened out. I would say the trouble was due partly to the condition of the men and partly to a feeling of brotherly love." (Toronto Star)

"I've been connected with every sewer laid in Etobicoke," Robert Onions, council candidate.

Mr. G. C. Nowlan (Annapolis-Kings): Mr. Speaker, the Hon. member for Red Deer (Mr. Shaw) said he would sit down before ten o'clock. It is a fact that I shall not sit down before ten o'clock, so if Your Honour wishes to call it ten o'clock now we could adjourn this debate. Otherwise, we can carry on until ten o'clock.

Mr. Speaker: Is it the wish of Hon. members that I call it ten o'clock?

Some Hon. Members: Agreed. (Hansard, Jan. 16, 1953, p. 1099)

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA
Offers You Free Enterprise with Less Competition . . .
(Advertisement of New Brunswick Dept of Industry and Development, The Montreal Gazette)

Roger Lemelin is the one Canadian writer in French; which makes him something of a literary curiosity. (Now and Then)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to George Oulton, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Night Edition

Margaret Avison

► THE NIGHT EDITION of the morning paper is read by two kinds of people, casuals or transients, and habituals. The casuals buy theirs at the bus-depots or the station, at streetcar stops near the downtown theatres, occasionally uptown and even farther afield — you have been making out income tax papers for your aunt, perhaps, and walking home afterwards, a little depressed and at a loose end, happen to pass a newsvendor at a well-lighted intersection. The habituals, though, come out expressly for the paper, and know within a narrow margin when to expect it. They come out singly, from rooming houses or from basement apartments or the flats over the stores nearby. Because there is a margin in estimating when the papers will come, the restaurant on the corner does a good business from 10:15 till 11. This is particularly true Sunday evenings, for though the habituals know that the papers come later on Sundays, they appear at the usual time, preferring to wait in each other's company.

Contact among habituals remains tenuous, though. Naturally having waited together night after night, week in week out, they are familiar to one another. Indeed, if two of them pass on the daytime streets, they confuse the familiarity for acquaintance and often greet each other vaguely, and walk on fumbling for the right setting, the elusive identity. But if in the right setting they do not speak to

each other directly, they have all at some time, in each other's hearing, spoken to Russell, the newsvendor. Russell is a spastic. Strangers do not attempt conversation with him. But with the habituals he is uninhibited in attempting replies, and likes to be kidded. He is far from being a buff; almost every night toward paper time he seems struck with the absurdity of having the group awaiting his services, distributed in ones or averted twos and threes in the dark storefronts and around the curb, and flings someone near him a toothless, silent, shuddering laugh. They smile back, for this is one manner of communication too, among the habituals.

One elderly man with very thick lenses in his glasses and an expression of chronic inquisitiveness, and one lame adenoidal boy with lank red hair, can be counted on to remark on the weather on wet nights, expecting the rebuff of the others, who barely acknowledge the comment and instantly look in impatience east along Bloor Street, where the yellow truck with the papers will any moment appear. A few women are included in the group, on equal terms. One woman, middle-aged and hatless, bulky in a tweed coat winter and summer, is Russell's champion, and is so identified with him in her own view, for Russell appears not to know or care, that she has easily won the right to accept and return conversation addressed to him if she feels like it. The group begins to gather around 10:15, and is dispersed when the papers come, at 10:30 or 10:45 at the latest. After that Russell struggles off to a club and a couple of hotels where he has regular customers, and latecomers pick up their papers from the stack he leaves at the restaurant door, dropping their nickels into his can. A few habituals aim at this hour, and thus associate with the earlier group only on rare occasions when the paper is late.

Wednesday night this was the case. "I don't know," Russell kept saying, "Truck must of broke down" (like all his sentences, this sounded as if there were a lot of l's and h's in it.) It was a mild evening, the wide avenue leading downtown showed an orderly file of light-stands, three traffic signals on the slope towards the lakefront in successive view providing the color, which occasional buses and transports elaborated. The motor traffic was normal, perhaps a little more frequent, and aimless, than on crisp nights. Streetcars every few minutes let out a scattering of people, but there was none of the congestion of winter nights, when the hockey arena and public rinks a few blocks away make the intersection a busy one at this hour. Waiting, people whistled half under their breath, or strolled away now and then, jingling keys in their pockets, many of them in sportshirts in spite of the cool breeze.

By 10:30 the usual group was all there, and as people leaving the restaurant began to say "Paper's not out yet," a few decided to have a coffee while they waited. Some of these had finished their coffee and returned to the others on the sidewalk when the proprietor, by his cash-register in the window, tapped on the glass, wrinkled his forehead at Russell, and mouthed the question "Paper?" Russell shrugged, convulsively, and said again to those outside, "Truck broke down I guess." A short woman in a short grey suit walked rapidly past going east, and all eyes followed the newspaper tucked under her arm, but it was so folded that it might have been an evening paper. Still, there was another stand at an intersection five blocks back, and a few young fellows drifted away in that direction. "You're losing business, Russell," somebody said. "Thirty cents just went west there." Russell laughed noiselessly, recklessly. "Can't help" he said. By this time the latecomers had collected too, and being unused to waiting, increased the general sense of impatience. Two or three cars in the dark farther along the street, one with the radio playing, in another the end of



ILLUSTRATION (Wood Engraving)—LAWRENCE HYDE

a cigarette moving above the steering-wheel, almost counterbalanced this uneasiness.

Then a diversion occurred. Cars had passed regularly on the green, merged and flowed on after the red, all as meaningless to the habituals as the murk of stars beyond the insulating light of the street there. But one car was left this time after the green signal, a fairly new car, stalled part way over on the streetcar tracks. The driver kept grinding away on the starter, hopelessly. The woman beside him seemed indifferent, showing a solid shoulder in a cotton print, and a blurry dark profile. Inevitably a streetcar came, jerked to a stop just at the bumper, and clanged for thoroughfare. The driver ground at his starter. For a couple of seconds the habituals refused to focus, then one boy stepped off the curb and began to push, two or three more joined him, the car was rolled to the curb, the streetcar rattled past. "Must of run out of gas," said the man beside Russell. One of the habituals, a thin man in black trousers, white shirt, blue-striped tie, his head somehow shrunken-looking, all skull from the back, and face-on unpleasantly dainty, often with inkstains on his fingers—this man had moved over into the street in front of the car and raised the hood. Somebody else was still saying, "She's out of gas" when the starter caught, the thin man fastened down the hood, and the car moved away, the woman now signalling gratitude. The man waved back, stood on the curb a moment, the back of his shirt billowing joyously in a sudden breeze, and, as another streetcar drew up, to everyone's surprise quickly stepped in and was gone.

The crowd on the sidewalk sighed. "Five to eleven," said a man in a denim shirt, perplexed, to one of the solitary women.

"Must be something big happened," said the redheaded boy. "What they call Stop the Press news." He had a furtive fear and yet a relish in saying it. But it didn't mean anything to anybody. You know without thinking it's not the papers bring that kind of news. Radios or sirens even. Maybe one or two had a nasty couple of minutes thinking of the sirens.

There were far more people than usual collected by now, their numbers swelled by indecisive groups who left the restaurant and stood, talking, unaware of these others waiting around them. "A truck's better than everybody going different times by bus," a missionary-faced woman was saying. Three boys, all basketball types, and two stylish young women, listened and discussed it with her. It never did become clear what kind of outing it was to be. A graduate student, ducking out for a late meal, looked distressed at the congestion round the door, then forced his way through. People in cars glanced back as they passed. Three or four more gave it up and went home.

With the next streetcar, late for him, arrived the man with the thick lenses. "Never mind, Russell," he said, trying a smile at the others with his voice at least. "They haven't got their papers over at Yonge Street yet either."

"Jeeze," said the man in the denim shirt, craning to see the clock inside the restaurant. "Eleven ten."

"I hate to give up now I've waited so long," the woman replied.

"Yeah," he said wearily, guarded but companionable.

A young businessman abruptly entered the restaurant and could be seen in talk with the proprietor, who kept shrugging and disclaiming responsibility. Finally the man went to the pay phone, frowned over the telephone-book, and dropped in a dime. He spoke a few words, waited, spoke again with more animation, then hooked the telephone back and came out to Russell.

"I called them," he said. "They're just coming off the press now."

"Any idea how long?" another, perhaps a friend of his, asked.

"I got Classified Ads and he didn't know. He wouldn't transfer me to Circulating."

The woman who had spoken earlier went inside for a second coffee. Russell had been sitting on a ledge back by the bank, and got up again now, but had no comment. The counterboy was the one to find it comic this time. "No paper?" he kept baiting those who had drifted inside. "Whatsa matter then? No paper yet?" The man in the denim came in and sat up beside the woman at the counter. He ordered milk and pie. "I should have known better than hang around," he said. "Five thirty will come early enough." Sleepiness and steady muscular endurance shored him up together. The woman in the tweed coat appeared, looking aggrieved. "What did they say when he called them?" She addressed nobody in particular. The woman at the counter answered. "Just they were late off the press. He called the wrong department and they only knew that much."

"Well what's the right number?" she demanded.

The counterboy was suddenly co-operative, interested. "You know the right number?" he asked the woman at the counter. She went over and looked it up, and he went to the proprietor's telephone at the front. He wrote it down painstakingly first.

"W-A is Waverley, not W-E," said the man in the denim, who watched from his stool.

The boy dialled, turned away to talk, put down the telephone, and came back serene. "Trucks should be here in ten minutes he says," he reported. Russell came to the doorway, plucked off his vendor's apron angrily, and staggered out to tie it on in the street again.

The proprietor made change for some customers. "Got any American ones, Joe?" said the man in the denim shirt. He got down and stood at the cash register, sorting over his wallet. The woman's eyes followed him, only half watching. "Well if you like, I'll take the fives," the man was saying. There was a slow-motion look about it. Outside the window everybody was slouching now, their shoulders against the glass. It was past 11:30:

The woman leaned over to put out her cigarette. The man was beside her again, still rearranging his wallet. "Every year I go to Kentucky summers," he explained, his face puckered and absent-minded.

"You could get them at the bank," said the woman. "The exchange is in our favor right now."

"Sure, but Joe gives me what he takes in, time to time," said the man.

They sat silent a minute. Then he opened the wallet again, and began to thumb the money over clumsily. He stopped, and looked straight ahead. "I broke a ten for my meal tonight," he said. "I gave him that one, and then he showed me he had a ten and a five, so I gave him two tens, and I think he only gave me my one back again."

"Your American money is costing you plenty," said the woman, taking an interest.

"He wouldn't of known it. I come in here every night," said the man. The proprietor had gone out to the kitchens, and wasn't back yet.

"Well, their cash register won't balance when they close up if you're right," she said.

"Yeah, Joe can give it to me tomorrow then." He put the wallet back in his pocket, and the woman left a dime and went outside to wait. Several of the habituals were still there, completely silent now and not moving around any more. Through the window you could see Joe and the man getting it straight what must have happened.

"Here's the truck," cried the woman in the tweed coat suddenly. Everybody straightened up and a few men even got out their change. But Russell was at the curb, gesticulating, and as the truck pulled in he shouted "No use now, no use, no use" and waved wildly. The truck changed gears, and swung away.

For a minute nobody spoke. "Three o'clock in the morning," Russell panted, "Then not all gone."

"They make you pay for what you don't sell?" said the woman. ("What about us?" somebody was muttering.)

"Yeah, make me pay," said Russell.

"You got a point," said the man in the blue denim. The lights changed and everybody went home.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► IN THE COUNTRY thirty miles from Toronto where we have lived for the past year we have neighbors with whom we are friendly. These neighbors used to be avid radio listeners, we gather in conversation, but they've had a television set for almost two years, and now they're avid T-V fans. They are nice people; warm-hearted, generous, hard-working, not too well educated, but by no means unintelligent. Perhaps the worst thing one can say of them is that much of what they know is what they read in the papers. They are probably as representative of the average Canadian in the moderate income class, and of the average Canadian Radio-Listener-Television-Viewer, as one could find. They don't look very far beyond their noses; they don't unless urged, try to uncover first principles.

They dislike, distrust, and resent the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

As an example, they are still filled with sympathy for poor CFRB, whose fine clear channel the nasty CBC took away, in order to install upon it one of its own stations (CJBC), leaving for CFRB a channel which is, in their minds, less desirable.

How, one asks, did this come about; how was this enduring mental twist produced? In this case the answer is not hard to find; our neighbours' misplaced sympathy was aroused deliberately and with malice aforethought by CFRB'S and the CAB'S adroit propagandists. These gentlemen put up a skilled and effective bluff, turning to their own shoddy ends that pleasant, decent human trait which directs the bulk of human sympathy to the apparent underdog. In order to evoke this entirely wrong and unjustified compassion for CFRB its publicists had to obscure two elementary facts about broadcasting.

The basic principle beneath all allocation of channels in this country has been clearly defined since the days of the Aird Commission. Because of the limited number of channels available in any area (and this is a law of physics, not of man) permission to operate a broadcasting station is a privilege, not a right. In a city such as Toronto, if enough publishers and enough paper could be found, there could easily be a hundred daily newspapers. In the same city, with broadcasting as we know it now, there can never be more than ten radio stations, and some of those can operate only in daytime hours.

The second fact which was never even suggested to the public arises from the above matter of privilege, and again the law has always been explicitly stated. Assignment of a channel for broadcasting to any licensee confers no property rights in that channel whatsoever. The best analogy is perhaps found in telephony. When one rents a telephone from

the Bell Company one is assigned a telephone number. *But*, one is warned not to build upon that number; not to advertise it; not to print it upon too many letterheads, for it may be changed at any time and with little warning, if the company finds it necessary to do so.

CFRB, deliberately and with its eyes open, took no account of these essentially wise and just provisions of the broadcasting act. It went ahead as though the channel it held, as a privilege, was its own eternally and by divine right, and spent substantial sums in advertising its position on the dial. Then, when engineering facts caught up with it, and the CBC needed that clear channel for its own new fifty kilowatt transmitter, the station attempted to make a virtue out of its own foolishness. Instead of quietly accepting the inevitable, it whined miserably and bellowed rauously, trying to make people believe that the horrid CBC was mistreating it.

Well, you may say, this is a very old story; all that water is over the dam now, what's the point in bringing it up again?

The point is that old as this tale is, its memory is still fresh in the minds of my neighbors. Distorted and twisted as CFRB's story was, it remains in the minds of these typical listeners as an example of the CBC's unfairness, of the long whip which it cracks over the cringing private operators.

Actually, though you'd never hear a word of this from CFRB, the CBC has been, in at least one respect, unusually kind and tolerant to this station. Section 19, subsection "a," of the broadcasting regulations has this to say: "Unless permission in writing is first obtained from the Corporation, no station shall continue to be a part or shall form a part of any chain or network originating outside of Canada."

Despite that regulation, which has been widely enforced, CFRB has always been given the necessary permission; it was, and continues to be, the Toronto outlet for the Columbia Broadcasting System. In view of the fact that without this permission many commercial programs originating with CBS would almost certainly have been carried by one or other of the CBC's Toronto outlets, it is apparent that the CBC has, in effect, given CFRB a good many thousands of dollars annually.

Our neighbors, even when they were primarily radio listeners, never were CBC listeners; they preferred American programs and Canadian stations of lower standards. In especial they are bemused by the American big names and the American comedy shows. What they demand and all they will accept from Radio or T-V is straight entertainment. Now that they have gone over to T-V this tendency has become a little more marked. Further, as a result of two years of exposure to the great American Commercial Shows, through WBEN, Buffalo, their viewing habits are now formed; their minds, to some extent at least, are permanently set.

This is bad, but beneath it is something much worse. The various and unrelenting anti-CBC campaigns which have been carried on over the past several years are beginning to bear fruit in the most dangerous place possible—among the people. Our neighbors believe, very definitely, that Canadian radio and T-V is geared to the highbrows. So convinced are they of this that, excepting for the news, they seldom tune in a CBC station, in spite of the wealth of relatively low-brow programs to be found on CBC—especially on Dominion. And even at news time we hear Gordon Sinclair's far from dulcet voice booming through the walls of our two-family house as often as that of Lamont Tilden or Earl Cameron.

"We are the majority," they say, "and we should have the sort of programs we like to hear. Instead, we have to pay

to support an organization which gives us what we don't want. And hardly anybody else likes the CBC programs either," they insist.

This, of course, is wrong; factually it's inaccurate, and logically it's befuddled, but it is a sincere belief, firmly held. And, if our neighbors are at all representative, widely held. It is a condition which the CBC should try to improve, and which it could do a great deal to improve. Next month I hope to discuss it further, and to suggest some remedies.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► THERE ARE TIMES when the star-crossed movie-goer almost forgets what the art of acting is like, and that part of an actor's business, at least, is to tailor himself to fit the part he's playing, instead of tailoring the part to suit himself. Part of the trouble, of course, lies in the thinness, the Johnny-one-note quality of the average screen-play, which seldom offers an ambitious actor any scope for his talents, but concentrates madly on what its characters *do*—narrative is all. Even when successful stage plays are transferred to the screen, the characters tend to be thinned, simplified, and deodorized for the dubious benefit of the teen-aged masses. But the major difficulty, especially in Hollywood, is the star system, which discourages versatility and compels most stars to go on repeating the same set of tricks that made them popular in their first starring vehicle. It is therefore necessary to make the vehicle interesting and various—dazzle and intrigue the

eye with lifelike, or deliberately bizarre backgrounds that distract the mind from the implicit half-, quarter-, or non-truth of the characters who occupy it. So it comes about that though Hollywood is a real actor's graveyard, it's a technician's paradise. The people who design sets and costumes and arrange fires, tornadoes, and other acts of God (especially those who work for MGM) are not only allowed, but encouraged to get on with their proper job, and in consequence are far more likely to be happy in their work and justly proud of the results.

Plymouth Adventure, MGM's florid version of the voyage of the *Mayflower* from the port of Southampton in England to its legendary landing at Plymouth Rock is a fine example of the satisfactions and the disappointments Hollywood is capable of handing out in one brightly-wrapped package. For sheer virtuosity in the department of props and hurricanes, it's a technician's triumph. For once the voyage is well under way, and the big Atlantic storm strikes, the illusion is perfect, and impressive almost to queasiness; the chances are it won't even occur to you that the whole thing was probably engineered with a dozen big wind-machines and a thousand-foot tank.

But consider the cast of *Plymouth Adventure*. Spencer Tracy belongs, or used to belong, to the small company of real actors in Hollywood. Here he does, with perceptible weariness, all that can be done with the shallowly-conceived and thinly-written part of Captain Jones, a hard-bitten middle-aged sea-dog who loses his heart but finds a new faith in humanity during the voyage. Even the best actor, however, needs something more than an attractive totem-pole to play to: Dorothy Bradford, the wife of one



WOOD ENGRAVING

W. J. PHILLIPS, R.C.A.

of the pilgrims, who falls in love with Captain Jones and commits suicide rather than be unfaithful, even mentally, to her husband, is not intrinsically an impossible character. But as Gene Tierney plays her, she is flatly unbelievable; Gene Tierney, of course, is a popular non-actress whose name on any cast list is enough to remove the picture from serious consideration, unless it happens to be a murder mystery in which she plays the victim. Dramatically, *Plymouth Adventure* is disappointing, in spite of Spencer Tracy and Leo Genn, who has also been known to act, and who does a fair job as William Bradford. As a handsome costume piece, magnificently mounted, however, it is pleasant to look at.

Some actors, like Tracy, show some resistance to being fossilized into stars; others, like Clifton Webb, welcome stardom with open arms, and cheerfully impose their trademarked mannerisms on every rôle they play as if they'd never been actors at all. There is at least one point of interest in *Stars and Stripes Forever*, Webb's latest vehicle, but it has nothing to do with acting. As Webb himself said, "We investigated John Philip Sousa, and found that he was nothing but a little man with a beard, glasses, and a baton. The man not only hadn't an iota of humor, but no private life—none at all. Only his work. So we did some research, adapted the beard and glasses, and came up with this wonderful script by Lamar Trott."

The "Wonderful" script by Lamar Trott gives Sousa an uneventful enough life with Ruth Hussey as his wife, and adds a romantic sub-plot to carry the action; it also gives him an acid, slightly stuffy sense of humor, and a marked resemblance to Clifton Webb's screen personality. So much for Hollywood research. But improbable as *Stars and Stripes Forever* is as a portrait of Sousa, nobody could possibly complain that it doesn't give you a fair idea of the kind of music Sousa wrote. In a word, he wrote marches for a full military band—luckily the kind of stuff that cannot possibly be disarranged for crooners, canaries, or solo violin; consequently it had to be played straight. And while an hour and a half of Sousa marches is a little like a concert of nothing but jigs or lullabies, it is undoubtedly real music, and far more rewarding than many an ordinary movie musical.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► THE EXISTENCE OF alternative texts presents only a minor problem for producers of Shakespeare; for producers of Gluck's *Orfeo* or *Aleste* it presents an almost insoluble one—which may be one of the reasons why Gluck, although universally recognized, is perhaps the least performed of the great composers since Bach. One person insists on the early (Italian) version and another on the later (French) version; someone else recommends a conflation of the two. But whatever is performed, it seems that we are sure to have many passages which are inferior to the corresponding ones in another version—or at least so those who have studied the two versions together tell us. The *Boris Godunov* problem is simple compared to this one.

Oceanic has chosen to record the French version of *Aleste* on three LP's. This version (which is the one usually performed at the Met) contains two great acts, followed by a third one which, despite some good things, is obviously inferior to its predecessors and which ends with a lot more sprightly ballet-music than I, for one, am willing to take at the end of an opera. It also, I am told, contains some

music not by Gluck at all. But who can complain of a few dull spots at the end, when they are preceded by music of such power as Gluck gives us in the first two acts?

Those two acts can tell us a good deal about how to make a continuous dramatic-musical structure without the continuous and repetitive interweaving of leit-motives. Gluck uses the leit-motif technique sparingly, and his motives are generally complete tunes which recur *in toto*, rather than phrases that can be fitted in anywhere, although the cadence theme repeated so often in the first scene illustrates how effectively Gluck can use the omnipresent short motif when he wants to. But his motives are rarely altered or expanded in the manner later called development, they simply recur in an altered dramatic and musical context. The same method is observable in Gluck's arias, which organize into large-scale constructions the most unpromising and often aggressively trite, musical materials. The method survived into the nineteenth century in the works of Gluck's greatest follower, Hector Berlioz, who, whenever he could forget about symphonic "development," was the century's greatest master of large-scale construction, as Tovey was perhaps the first to recognize.

In the Oceanic recording the Paris Philharmonic, under Rene Leibowitz, performs with spirit and grace, while Ethel Semser as Aleste sings with conviction, strength and control. I wish the same could be said for Enzo Serie as Admete, lovely as his light tenor voice sounds at times. In moments of tenderness it seems quite adequate, but in moments of conflict its casual nervelessness does Gluck very little service indeed. The chorus could show more sharpness of definition, but, on the whole, it performs effectively what is surely the second most important role in the opera.

Correspondence

The Editor: Professor Underhill's review of Mr. Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian* is a remarkable production. A few of its more extraordinary features deserve comment:

(1.) This book, says Professor Underhill, is "free from the sentimental posing and self-conscious fine writing" of *The Unknown Country*. Has he read the first page? Here is part of it: "The mystery of William Lyon Mackenzie King is not the mystery of a man. It is the mystery of a people. We do not understand King because we do not understand ourselves . . . By a unique feat of intellect, by a kind of osmosis and guess—this least typical of Canadians summed up by his own contradictions the whole amorphous life-stuff of the Canadian creaturehood. With an equipment beyond his own understanding, he articulated and then managed the dark, invisible workmanship which holds the nation together. This is the mystery of King and of Canada, in silent compact."

Has Professor Underhill read page 17, on King and Sir John A. Macdonald in 1878, or thereabouts? Here is part of it: "Old Tomorrow, neck-deep in the congenial conspiracies and huge constructive labors of Ottawa, and often deep in liquor; the unknown and commonplace youth in Berlin; the founder of Canada; the future custodian of his handiwork—there was a chancy combination of circumstance, worth pause and pondering."

If that's not "sentimental posing and self-conscious fine writing," what is it? And there's plenty more of it.

(2.) "Mr. Hutchison's insight is so true . . . that it does not much matter whether he will eventually be found right in all his specific details." He can be found wrong in a lot of them now. I could give an impressive list. I could also

mention some crucial facts which are ignored or denied, and a whole string of flat contradictions. (The most spectacular of these last is on p. 144, when after asserting over and over again that Mr. King's case in 1926 was "unanswerable," "unassailable," etc., etc., Mr. Hutchison suddenly inserts this: "(It should be noted also that many eminent authorities maintain to this day that the whole constitutional issue of 1926 was spurious, and nothing more than a smooth piece of political deception. No opinion is offered on that question here.)")

(3.) "He is right in his presentation of King as having, at his best, more in common with J. S. Woodsworth than with any other contemporary political leader." It's a pity we couldn't have Mr. Woodsworth's comments on this. I shall venture just one of my own: how seldom Mr. King must have been "at his best!"

(4.) "He is right in his constant emphasis that King was not a parliamentary statesman." If it were "his constant emphasis," he'd be right; but it isn't. On the contrary, the book is full of stuff like this: "In parliament King felt instinctively at ease. It was his true métier, his natural climate and spiritual home" (p. 51). "This was the true Liberal party — dedicated to the supremacy of Parliament" (p. 55). "King had proved himself an unequalled master of Parliament" (p. 74). "For King there could be only the ancient constitutional practice. (Incidentally, this isn't the ancient constitutional practice. The power to declare war or make peace belongs to the Executive Government, not to Parliament.)" "To the doctrine of Hamilton he opposed Parliament supremacy" (p. 109). "He was always terrified of Parliament because he understood its latent instinct of rebellion and its ultimate death sentence . . . None had stood in greater awe of it" (p. 268). (This of the man who, in 1925 and 1926, asserted he had the right to kill a new Parliament before it could meet. Or, if he let it meet, to kill it before it could pass "sentence"!) "Mr. Hutchison's insight is so true."

(5.) "He is right in reminding us that the modern welfare-providing, war-fighting state necessitates the growth of executive power at the expense of Parliament, whether the instrument of this growth be a Mackenzie King or not." Yes, but it doesn't follow that it necessitates either the kind or degree of growth of executive power which Mr. King fostered.

(6.) Professor Underhill quotes apparently without a tremor, Mr. Hutchison's assertion that in the last King Cabinet Humphrey Mitchell was "the delegate of labor." Mr. Hutchison probably doesn't know any better; Professor Underhill should.

(7.) "He concludes justly that by the end of his career King 'had made Canada almost a one-party nation with three splinters of opposition.'" This is only too true; but the amazing thing is that Professor Underhill leaves it at that. Does he think it a good thing? If so, why? If not, why doesn't he say so?

(8.) Professor Underhill says the book "should be read by every Canadian voter." Does he really want them to fill their heads with a lot of slush, contradictions, misinformation, misconceptions and gossip? There are certainly redeeming features in the book; but they are at least balanced by the other kind.

A British Prime Minister is said to have ended a Cabinet meeting by saying: "It doesn't matter a damn what we say, as long as we all say the same thing." Professor Underhill seems to come close to saying that it doesn't matter a damn what biographers say provided they say it "in high spirits, wit and imagination." If this is not the impression he in-

tended to convey, he would have done well to moderate his raptures.

Eugene Forsey, Ottawa, Ont.

[*F.H.U. writes:* Really, Mr. Forsey is getting himself into the condition of one of Pavlov's famous dogs. Whenever the word "King" is uttered his mouth waters and he begins to bark. It would serve little purpose to enter into all the details of his eight criticisms of my review, for this would only provoke him into another long letter. Most of his points consist of emphasizing particular quotations without any regard to other quotations that might be offered in abundance, and that can be supplied for himself by anyone who has read the Hutchison book. What really matters is one's general judgment of Mr. Hutchison's book as a whole. I suggested criticisms of it, and Mr. Hutchison certainly suggested plenty of criticisms of Mackenzie King. But Mr. Forsey can't forgive anyone who has said anything favorable about Mackenzie King. His judgment of the Hutchison book is that it is "a lot of slush, contradictions, misinformation, misconceptions and gossip," with "certain redeeming features" which he hasn't room to specify in his long letter. How can a man who displays such fantastic one-sidedness as this have the nerve to complain of the one-sidedness of other people?]

The Editor:

CALL OF THE WILD

" . . . Who shall help this backward land
Attain a perfect cultcha?
Who will lend the mercy hand
To free the helpless vultcha? . . . "

Canadian Tavern Song, circa 1951.

O Canada, you hopeless tramp,
With nothing of your own;
Scrounging junk from everywhere,
Although you're fully grown!
Don't be fooled by all the books
About your crummy state.
Ignore the gloomy thesis-folk,
Their pity for your fate.
Get on with what you'll surely do
Some day . . . Why not now?
Astound the doomy propheceteers
With art they can't endow.
It doesn't matter how it's done,
Yet done it has to be.
So, quickly now, you leadfoot bum!
You're lazy, but you're free.
Don't mind the eagle's screaming,
Forget the shining chrome.
Stop your ears; close your eyes
To everything but home.
Pour yourself a manhood cup;
Drink without restraint!
Flex your muscles, stretch a bit—
Then sing and carve and paint.

B.C., Kitchener, Ont.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

Turning New Leaves

► ONE OF THE CHIEF reasons for the success of the British Labor party has been its willingness to avail itself of the services of its "clerks." Mrs. Webb's diaries frequently refer to this function of Sidney and herself, using the word "clerk" in its medieval sense of the educated intellectual who performs intellectual services for the practical official or leader which the practical man is not capable of performing for himself. As these two volumes* under review frequently illustrate, the relationship between the clerks and the practical leaders involves a good deal of tension and controversy; but this is what has kept the Labor party alive as a genuine alternative to Conservatism.

In 1912, when this third volume of Mrs. Webb's diaries begins, the Fabians had a political Labor movement in actual being, and they were already encountering many causes of disillusionment. By 1952, when R. H. S. Crossman and his associates published their New Fabian Essays, it was evident, as Crossman remarks, that the Labor government of 1945-1951 marked the end of an epoch of social reform rather than the beginning of a new socialist world. The first Fabians announced themselves in 1889 as "communicative learners," and the 1952 Fabians have published their new volume in an effort to continue this activity. What makes British Fabianism so endlessly fascinating and what has led to so many books being written about it is the success with which it has imposed itself upon the new Labor party, since its birth in 1900, in this self-appointed function of clerks. The original clerks of 1889 were confident that the world was going in the direction in which they wished; the clerks of 1952 have little of this confidence. Crossman himself, in his own essay which is the best of the New Fabian Essays, declared with Niebuhrian gloom that exploitation and slavery are the normal state of man. "Increased concentration of power whether in the form of technological development or of social organization, will always produce exploitation, injustice and inequality in a society, unless the community possesses a social conscience strong enough to civilize them . . . Freedom is always in danger, and the majority of mankind will always acquiesce in its loss, unless a minority is willing to challenge the privileges of the few and the apathy of the masses." The political revolution, he goes on, which has concentrated coercive power and thought-control in a few hands, is just as important as the industrial revolution. "Today the enemy of freedom is the managerial society. But just as capitalism could be civilized into the Welfare State, so the managerial society can be civilized into democratic socialism."

The present selection from Beatrice Webb's diaries covers the period of World War I and of the immediate post-war years, when Labor became the second party in the state, down to 1924 when it was about to take office as a government for the first time. The Webbs are not as happy in this as in the first two volumes; for the war distressed them, and until the middle of the war period their energies were not fully used either by the government or by their Labor colleagues. Also, they were ever aware of the unreadiness of Labor for responsibility. This, in fact, is the main theme of the volume. Still Mrs. Webb enters in her diary, after the behind-the-scenes excitement of cabinet-making in 1924: "Here ends the Old Testament."

*DIARIES 1912-1924: Beatrice Webb; Longmans, Green; pp. xxvi, 272; \$4.75.

NEW FABIAN ESSAYS: Edited by R. H. S. Crossman; Smithers and Bonelli (Turnstile Press); pp. xv, 215; \$3.75.

Her private judgments on prominent men of the time make this volume almost as fascinating to read as were the first two volumes. On William Temple, later Archbishop of Canterbury, but then (1918) a member of the Labor party: "Willie Temple . . . is a vigorous democratic priest. He is too fat and too exuberant a talker for an ideal Man of God—his phrases run away with him—but he is sincere, courageous and disinterested." She was unable to pay such high tribute to most of the party leaders. "I rather like Henderson; he has sterling qualities, a veritable rock of bourgeois respectability and self-control. But he is personally most unattractive. I have never known a man of undoubted power with so little personal charm or magnetism." On William Adamson, chairman of the party just after the war: "He is a middle-aged Scottish miner, typical British proletarian in body and mind, with an instinctive suspicion of all intellectuals or enthusiasts . . . He has neither wit, fervor nor intellect, he is most decidedly not a leader, not even, like Henderson, a manager of men." The leader who came in for most criticism was Ramsay MacDonald, and the book is full of hard sayings about him. He and the Webbs distrusted one another from the start. "MacDonald (this is in 1914), with his romantic figure, charming voice and clever dialectics, is more than a match for all those underbred and under-trained workmen who surround him on the platform and face him in the audience . . . So far as he has any politics he still believes in the right of the middle and professional classes to do the work of government. He does not believe his own mates are capable of it, and roughly speaking he is right . . . He does not want anything done in particular; he honestly disapproves of nearly all the planks in the ostensible party program . . . So he remains the Parnell of the Labor party—but a Parnell who does not believe in his cause."

It is the party itself which causes most distress to Mrs. Webb. In 1912: "The Labor M.P.s seem to me to be drifting into futility . . . MacDonald has ceased to be a Socialist; the Trade Union M.P.s never were Socialists; Snowden is embittered and Lansbury is wild . . . All the Labor M.P.s seem to me to have become cynics except Lansbury, who has become a raging revivalist preacher of general upheaval." In 1917: "The Trade Union movement has become, like the hereditary peerage, an avenue to political power through which stupid untrained persons may pass up to the highest office if only they have secured the suffrages of the members of a large union." And in 1919, though she emphasizes that the Labor party takes a higher moral stand on international affairs than its rivals, she has this to say: "In its ideals and its program it represents the better spirit of the most moral and intelligent men and women of all classes . . . in its constitution it assumes itself to be representative of the special interests of the disinherited and propertyless men and women of all races. And disinherited and propertyless men and women are not specially moral and intelligent people—they are just the lowest strata of average sensual men."

Clearly there was a certain amount of social snobbishness in the lady who made these remarks and others like them. But her real criticism of her fellow man was always intellectual rather than social. "The British governing class, whether aristocrat or bourgeois, has no abiding faith in the concentrated and disinterested intellectual toil involved in the scientific method . . . For the Englishman of all classes—peer, shopkeeper and workman—is a kindly creature who hates the thought that anybody who is related to him, who belongs to his own set or class, or with whom he usually consorts, should be made uncomfortable or dispossessed of that to which he is accustomed, however inefficient he may be. The perpetual emphasis on rights as against obligations

is part of this preference for the comfort of the individual over the welfare of the whole community . . . Finally the Englishman is a Protestant and delights in sectarianism—in little cliques of fellow-thinkers who regard their thoughts as religious exercises. The Englishman hates the impersonality of science."

The younger Fabians of 1952 were mostly school children when Mrs. Webb was entering these reflections in her diary. They represent not only the post-Webb, but also the post-Attlee generation. But they display, after six years of Labor in office, the same combination of disillusionment and dogged hopefulness which Mrs. Webb showed thirty or forty years ago. R. H. S. Crossman sketches out a new philosophy of socialism which owes a good deal to Reinhold Niebuhr. (He ends: "the planned economy and the centralization of power are no longer socialist objectives.") C. A. R. Crosland gives a most sober analysis of contemporary capitalism and of what is emerging from it. Roy Jenkins discusses Equality, and focusses upon what is evidently to him and his colleagues the leading ideal of the socialist movement, an equalitarian society. Mrs. Cole discusses education in a rather sketchy way. It is remarkable how little attention the Fabian intellectuals from the 1880's to the 1950's have given to this subject, which should be a central one in England for all who believe in equality. Asten Albu and Ian Mikardo discuss the organization of industry and the place of trade unions. Denis Healey, whose essay is second only in insight and importance to that of Dick Crossman, exposes the bankruptcy in foreign policy of socialist idealists who do not take account of the element of power. And John Strachey ends up with a far too complacent account of what Labor accomplished in office toward bringing the socialist society into being.

The great virtue of these essays is that the authors are genuinely trying to do some fresh thinking about the old established socialist slogans. They are not always in agreement with each other. Crossman's essay is, by implication, one long criticism of the self-satisfaction of the ex-Minister, John Strachey. Healey's realism about Britain's world position is a criticism of the perverted romanticism of Crossman which leads him off his track into his usual New Statesman outburst against the United States. G. D. H. Cole dropped out of the group who did the preliminary discussion for these essays because, apparently, he disagreed strongly with all of them.

But they are all agreed on certain fundamentals also. For one thing the demand for equality, as has already been remarked, runs through all the essays. Socialism means equality if it means anything to these thinkers of the 1950's. They all seem also to be disillusioned about the nationalization of industry as a mystic socialist panacea. It is a pity that those of them who support Aneurin Bevan haven't succeeded in getting this idea into his head. The danger, as Crossman says, is the managerial society, whether the managers are officials of the state or of big private corporations. Much more needs to be done to give the worker a sense of belonging, of participation. And here one comes to the theme of Fraternity, which is just as important to the socialist ideal as those of Liberty and Equality. Fabian intellectuals have never been specially marked by the quality of fraternity. But if Labor does not stress this note more emphatically, it will always be in danger of being outmanoeuvred by the Conservatives, who are past masters in the art of posing before the public as the champions of national unity.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

Books Reviewed

CHANGING CONCEPTS OF TIME: Harold A. Innis; University of Toronto Press; pp. 133; \$3.00.

This volume contains five essays, four of which were originally lectures delivered by Dr. Innis in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. The work of revising the essays for this volume was the last task completed by Harold Innis before his recent death at the age of 57.

There is a continuity in the life work of Innis, and there are also at least three distinct stages. This slim volume represents the third stage, and is what could be described in pre-atomic age language as "intellectual TNT." The early work was the painstaking and dry-as-dust record of the economic history of Canada. The appetite of the press for millions of tons of Canadian pulp led Innis to a study of media of communication. With characteristic thoroughness he traced the methods and instruments men have used to communicate with each other from earliest times to the present. He developed a thesis during this second stage, from which the title of this volume is drawn. He detected important variations among nations and regions in the attitude toward time and space, and suggested that technological changes in communication offer a possible explanation of these differences. Where his earlier writings were often characterized as dull, the exposition of his communication theory made difficult reading. These essays, however, are dynamite.

Here Innis has turned his deep and far-ranging mind on the contemporary scene. His attention is focused primarily on Britain, Canada and the United States, particularly the United States. These essays bristle with provocative ideas, and quotable quotes. You will want to read it all, so all I will do here is to present a few scenes—after the fashion of the movie trailer—to whet your appetite.

In "The Strategy of Culture" there is a strong warning to Canadians of the dangers of American commercial imperialism, spread by magazine, radio, television and film. At a time when the National Film Board survives by remaining obscure, and sledge-hammer blows are delivered at CBC radio and television, we are advised to attempt "constructive efforts to explore the cultural possibilities of various media of communication and to develop them along lines free from commercialism . . ."

In "The Military Implications of the American Constitution" there is careful documentation for the statement: "A general as Prime Minister of England would be unthinkable, though the influence of the army and navy are not to be disregarded, whereas in the United States a general as President has been regarded almost as a rule."

The essay "Roman Law and the British Empire" thrusts at American militarism. "Militarism becomes a necessity for the continued export of goods and for continued employment." Canada is not spared, and the one-party rule is awarded this description: "A politburo in Canada comparable to and paralleling that of Russia effectively diverts attention from its character by pointing to the dangers of the politburo in Russia."

In "The Press, a Neglected Factor in the Economic History of the Twentieth Century," a solid basis is laid for the seeming paradox: "It should be clear that improvements in communication tend to divide mankind."

Concern about American policy is central to the final essay, "Great Britain, the United States and Canada." The political system of the United States is described as unstable, and the commercialized press with its emphasis on

sensational, unrelated news items is credited with contributing to that instability. As a result, "a consistent foreign policy becomes impossible and military domination of foreign policy inevitable."

Readers of this book will be violent, in their enthusiasm, or in their criticism. If you prefer to remain happy in your complacency, leave this one alone.

Albert A. Shea.

MAHATMA GANDHI—PEACEFUL REVOLUTIONARY. Haridas T. Muzumdar; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribner's); pp. 127; \$2.75.

Dr. Muzumdar has dedicated his book to "all the children of America." Written with precision and clarity and refreshingly free of the foggy sentimentality of which some of Gandhi's chroniclers have been guilty it is not intended as a biography, but is a simple interpretation of the great leader's philosophy and actions to the American public.

Gandhi remarked in his autobiography, "The woes of Mahatmas are known to Mahatmas alone" and he deprecates the tendency of his admirers to set him up as a saint. Dr. Muzumdar does not make this mistake, nor does he leave the impression that the Indian freedom came because of Gandhi. Leaders arise in response to conditions and Gandhi became not only an Indian leader, but a guide to the world for a way of life which finds its reference in the Bhagavat Gita and the Bible. Those who find Gandhi's teachings complex and confused will see some elucidation in Muzumdar's book. The apparent lack of logic and consistency—so puzzling to Westerners—ceases to be important when it is explained that Gandhi thought of action as motivated by the inner process of mind and soul, the "that" of God within a man which can become a frame of reference for all his relations with the physical world. The course to be followed in any given situation is measured by ultimate Soul-Truth. Non-violence is a practical technique of moral force. But since individuals are the interpreters of cosmic truth, inconsistencies may arise in action. At times the Mahatma must have been a sore trial to his associates in his unpredictable dealings with the British Raj.

The book has an interesting chapter on Gandhi's educational ideas which are revealed as very similar to modern theories of progressive education. He believed that artificial distinctions between primary, middle and high schools should go and that education should be integrated around a dominant interest in life.

The attempt to explain the inexplicable, Gandhi's economics, is less satisfying. Dr. Muzumdar says that Gandhi's ideal would be a natural laissez-faire society in which all relations would be governed by moral law, after the style of Rousseau. Ever mindful of his readers, he is at some pains to dissociate Gandhi from socialism, communism or Marxism. Gandhi, who sometimes claimed to be a socialist, was confused in regard to a desirable social system. His doctrine of non-possession postulated renunciation, rather than satisfaction and increase of needs. Morality in economic relations, not legislation, would solve the problem. Muzumdar's claim that the Land-Gift Mission, a project under which land was donated by the owners, could solve India's peasant land-hunger, seems naive to Western socialists.

A painstaking attempt is made in the conclusion to make Gandhi's theories palatable to American taste and to argue that a non-resister is not always a pacifist. In endeavoring to apply Gandhi's philosophy to the cold war problem, he puts words into the dead Mahatma's mouth and "supposes" that Gandhi might argue for kindness and assistance, while admitting that the West should continue to build armed

strength. The fact is that it is a presumption to guess what Gandhi might have said. His significance to men lay in the reminder that they possess the inner knowledge of good and evil which can enable them to choose the way of redemption through non-violence.

Dorothy G. Steeves

RAVENS AND PROPHETS: George Woodcock; Ambassador; pp. 244; \$3.00.

This volume, commissioned by an English publisher and addressed to a English audience, is in essence the log-book of four separate journeys (by automobile, railway and steamer, and also partly on foot) through British Columbia, by which the author spanned the more important areas of that province. It has the virtues and defects of a regional study carried out in that casual manner. There is often a vivid immediacy about the impressions, but at the same time a good deal of repetition and confusion, a lot of irrelevant travel—details (flat tires, uncomfortable hotels, the weather, etc.) and above all a total lack of orderly arrangement in the treatment of the different aspects of British Columbia life; the information on a single topic (like industry, the Indians, the Doukhobors, for example) is scattered over the whole book according to the hazards of travel. A reader interested in a special topic would therefore find the book difficult to consult, for there is no index. This is a pity, for stowed away in its recesses is a considerable fund of information about the "infinite variety" of that magnificent and developing province that would be enlightening to English readers.

It is also strange that journeys destined to serve as raw material for a book commissioned by a publisher should be planned in such a casual manner that the author often sets out in the worst possible season when the scenery is obscured by fog or rain, and also seems to make a point of arriving at important places in the middle of the night so that he is forced to describe towns that he admits he has never "seen," though he has passed through them several times. Vancouver "boosters" will gnash their teeth at the cavalier manner in which Canada's third city is disposed of in three or four unappreciative pages (the author describes his stay there as "mercifully brief"), though it contains about half the population of the province which the book purports to describe. What the author says about its lack of metropolitan amenities (good restaurants, theatres, concert halls, attractive stores—above all, bookstores) is, alas! only too true, and should be taken to heart by the above-mentioned "boosters." But surely something might have been said about its superb situation (unparalleled among the cities of North America, at least), the charm of its undulating topography that opens entrancing views at every turn, its noble park and its lovely private gardens (once declared by a foreign expert to be the finest on the northern part of the continent).

The author is happier when he gets to the wide open spaces of the interior, to the hillside orchards of the Okanagan, the sage-brush deserts of the Dry Belt, the long reaches of the Cariboo road, the ghost-like towns like Barkerville and their opposites, the boom-towns like Prince George, and, above all, to the primitive or eccentric peoples scattered over these parts, the Indians and the Doukhobors. He has a warm, human interest in people, and though this often leads him into "folksy" irrelevances, it makes the sections dealing with the Indians and the Doukhobors the most valuable part of his book. It was a sound instinct as to his own most profound interests which made him give these two peoples the centre of the British Columbian stage in his symbolic (and perhaps somewhat "precious") title.

A. F. B. Clark.

SCIENCE AND VALUES. John A. Irving; Ryerson; pp. 146; \$3.50.

The writing of this book has the important purpose of bringing about the closer co-operation between philosophy and those sciences which have come to the fore in our twentieth century. The latter sciences are the social ones and psychology, and Professor Irving maintains that, if philosophy will take account of their data, then a new age of Enlightenment will result. Thus the main theme of this interesting volume is that philosophy on the one hand, and psychology and the social sciences on the other, each have their roles to play in solving both the theoretical and the practical problems of the present day. Each, from its own point of view, can contribute to the clarification of those ultimate moral standards by which our social conventions can be reassessed. At the same time, though, philosophy is not altogether deprived of her traditional crown; that part of philosophy which is the theory of value is still to be "the queen of the social sciences," but she will be a more democratic and constitutional monarch who will live in, and be guided by, the concrete human context of her subject sciences.

Irving develops this theme by a series of studies which explore the relationship between the social sciences and philosophy. In this exploration he always keeps in mind the bearing on social action of the various problems concerned. And he presents these problems with the Canadian intellectual and political scene refreshingly in mind. This scene is mentioned, not with jingoism, but from the mature point of view of its wider setting in an inter-dependent world. Tribute should be paid to the author for the extent to which he has, in this book and in other writings, brought Canadian achievements "into the picture."

During the course of his argument Professor Irving uses different schools of philosophy and selected individual thinkers to show how the social sciences and philosophy should be woven together. As he carries out his plan he gives neat and critical summaries of Utilitarianism, Evolutionary Ethics, the social pronouncements of Einstein, the pragmatic humanism of Horace M. Kallen, the comparative method as a means of gaining insight into the nature of man, and Sorokin's high-flying plan to eliminate war. His treatment of Existentialism is weak and scanty. Other discussions deal, in a succinct and pointed way, with the psychopathology of international relations and the different methods of reasoning in different social philosophies. In a comprehensive chapter on Canadian philosophy he draws the lesson that this country has "unexampled possibilities" for a fruitful interaction of philosophy and social science.

Science and Values embodies a general program for future thought rather than the detailed reasoning that would support this program. As such, it is a book that should be of interest to a wide variety of readers—including both non-professional and professional men. Amongst those readers some of the philosophers might wish to ask the author further questions concerning a number of important points. But it would be a shocking state of affairs if philosophers did not keep on questioning each other.

Thomas G. Henderson

OUT OF THE DUST: Helen Waren; Ambassador Books; pp. 312; \$3.75.

The birth of the modern Israeli state and the Jewish-Egyptian war provide the background for this novel which depicts the struggle of a small group of Jews to establish a communal settlement in the wasteland of the Negev desert. From the outset they were confronted by every sort of difficulty. The land for Beit Rishon, as the settlement came to be named, had been purchased in the black market and occupied

during the night to avoid both British and Arab scrutiny. It was the troubled period prior to the recognition of Israel by the United Nations, and Britain, governing by mandate, was in no position to offend the Arabs by condoning Jewish colonization. Their immediate neighbors, the Arabs, were suspicious and lived within an archaic tradition which regarded larceny as the mark of manhood. Moreover, there were adjustments to be made . . . adjustments to a communal existence which were violent for people like Ezekiel, the son of a prostitute, who had lived by his wits in the slums of Jerusalem, and for Phil, an ex-American G.I., whose parents hid their race because it was a social handicap. Beit Rishon was not an expression of militant Zionism but a vision which each held in common of a permanent home for the thousands of derelict Jews who were arriving almost daily from Europe despite the British blockade.

Out of the Dust is the story of how they made their vision into a measure of reality. The author, Helen Waren, witnessed at first hand the tragedy of the homeless Jew, first as a USO entertainer in Israel after the war and later as a correspondent during the fighting in the Negev. She has obviously re-cast much of her own experience into the mold of fiction and she has done it in an absorbing manner.

F.W. Maley

THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF OSGOODE HALL: C. H. Armstrong, Q.C., with an appendix by E. R. Arthur; Clark, Irwin; pp. 60; \$3.00.

The pretext for publishing this slim volume is the dedication of the profits to the fund raised by the legal profession in Canada towards the restoration of the English Inns of Court. The main essay, an address delivered to the lawyers' Club of Toronto just before the war, is a sketchy history of the Law Society of Upper Canada from its founding in 1797 to Confederation, centring on the construction and use of Osgoode Hall and embellished with some discursive trivia. It is additional evidence of the need for a scholarly study of the history of this powerful and conservative organization in relation to its times, freed of the preoccupation with statutes, names, by-laws and anecdotes which characterize the small existing body of writing in this field.

The noted architect, E. R. Arthur, has appended a ten-page essay on the architecture of Osgoode Hall, which is a contrast to the main essay in critical approach and erudition. A strong admirer of the purity of style and aesthetic balance of the original East and West wings, he analyzes the extent to which later ad hoc additions and alterations have diminished these virtues. Even the much-vaunted Great Library comes in for criticism.

The excellent full-page photographs of the exterior of Osgoode Hall and of various interior scenes deserve special mention. Five of these are by Ralph Greenhill and one is by A. S. Marriott, Q.C.

Angus MacPhee.

PRISONER OF GRACE: Joyce Cary; Michael Joseph Ltd.; pp. 398; \$3.00.

With each successive novel of Joyce Cary the reviewers have had a field day. The lastest, *Prisoner of Grace*, is being compared to Spring's *Fame is the Spur* because each has a central character who starts as a radical politician and accumulates more conservative traits with each passing year; with Noel Coward's play, *Design For Living*, because in each two men and a woman share a very unstable equilibrium; with Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, because the new novel, they claim, is a direct challenge to Greene's absorption with personal salvation.

But anyone who starts *Prisoner of Grace* with the assumption that this novel has much similarity with these other

works is sure of a surprise, if not a shock. He may even be charmed and excited. For Cary needs to be read on his own account and must be taken on his own terms. His way with descriptions, his uncanny ability to creep inside at least one character in each book, his fierce joy in living are all to be savored. Perhaps they repel some as they attract others; but his admirers who once counted only a few score now number millions in several continents.

Prisoner of Grace has a good deal to say about the fortunes and fall of the Liberal Party in England in the period 1895-1925. But it is not a political novel. It is about a woman who, by chance, married Chester Nimmo, a poor but bright clerk who becomes politician and then a cabinet minister. The story is about her relationships with her husband during each stage of his career as well as her love for another man. Or rather it is about the need for the heroine, Nina, to serve both men, and the curious perplexities and problems that this brings.

In a way unmatched in modern writing, Joyce Cary is able to create, sustain and be his central character. In *The Horse's Mouth* he became a wastrel artist, Gully Jimson, whose only morality, for which he sacrificed everything, was the compulsion of his imagination, and with whom and through whom we see the world in a new way, in terms of light and color and shape and thrust. Living in Nina's world the view and perspective is much more limited, but for some this world may provide truer insights because it can be more readily believed and counted on. One's view of this novel, and others by Cary, will depend on how one sees and feels about the central character, unless one is a hopeless addict and accepts each successive novel with unquestioning regard.

Cary's delight in what Pavlov used to term "muscular gladness," his affirmation of sensory as well as intellectual joys, form a large part of the novel. While each of the three main characters is in one sense a prisoner, each is free to live fully. One may dislike them as persons, and reject their values, yet still be drawn on to follow their development. They have something of the magnetic quality that is found in most human beings that have life and spirit.

J.R.K.

POEMS OF YEHOASH: translated by I. Goldstick; Canadian Yehoash Committee; pp. 110; \$3.00.

These poems were written around the turn of the century. They are romantic, filled with "ineffables," apt to be about snowflakes, pebbles, sunsets and dew on cucumbers; descriptive of a nature in which their author found almost everything including God. The whole effect is one of sweetness and tenderness: "The evening stalks along with blind-fold eyes." The song as yet unsung, according to Yehoash, is the fairest; this note is often repeated. One is faced with a reality mysterious and much more powerful than the reality within oneself.

Dr. Goldstick's translation is fluent and brave, brave because rhymed translation is so difficult as to be practically impossible. To a reader who knows no Yiddish his work has opened up a hitherto secret world.

James Reaney.

ZORBA THE GREEK: Nikos Kazantzaki; translated by Carl Wildman with an introduction by Ian Scott-Kilvert; Longmans (Lehmann); pp. 319; \$3.00.

A novel by "one of the most distinguished . . . of modern Greek writers," published by Mr. Lehmann, and already re-

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viewed respectfully in *The New Statesman*, should be approached by any reviewer with humility. Alas, this reviewer's humility proved unequal to the test, and he must report that this is an exasperatingly silly book, alleviated only by Cretan color and one or two fairly effective scenes.

The narrator, a writer engaged on a book about Buddha but tired of being a "bookworm," rents a coal mine in Crete and hires as his foreman and court jester a merry Macedonian named Zorba. The contrast between these two makes the book a dialogue between Mind and Body, with Body scoring every time, but ultimately admitting by implication a degree of interdependence. Zorba, the Natural Man, is distinguished by such attributes as uncontrollable incontinence, wife-desertion, and a talent for all forms of violence. The writer, naturally, when he lifts his eyes from his Buddhist texts, regards Zorba with envious respect. Though Mr. Scott-Kilvert denies it in his introduction, this is simply the Noble-Savage myth, in a particularly naïve form. As for the Buddhist aura surrounding the Mind-figure, it serves to remind us of what we already knew from the example of Aldous Huxley, that noble-savage nonsense and eastern-mystic nonsense fascinate the same kind of mind. But Mr. Kazantzaki lacks Mr. Huxley's talent. He may have suffered in the evidently clumsy translation—but he hardly deserves kindly treatment in the language of Shakespeare; when his village idiot says, "And haven't I come from a sewer, like everyone else? . . . Well, from a mother's innards," Mr. Kazantzaki congratulates himself on this stroke in the following remarkable terms:

"I was amazed. Only a Shakespeare in his most creative moments, I thought, could have found an expression of such crude realism . . ." *Simon Paynter.*

Simon Paynter.

JOHN BAIRD: The Romance and Tragedy of the Pioneer of Television; Sydney Mosely; The Ryerson Press (Odhams); pp. 254; \$4.00.

If Television can be said to have had a single inventor, John Logie Baird was certainly that inventor, even if he did get off on the wrong foot of mechanical scanning instead of the right one of magnetic-electronic scanning. Clumsy as his approach was, it was the first approach, and he did transmit recognizable images years before anyone else was able to do so. On that basis he deserves to have a book written about him; on that basis also he deserves a better book than this one. As an autobiographer Mr. Moseley would no doubt be ideal—his proper subject would then be the one which interests him most. As a biographer, however—well, this book tells me less about Mr. Baird, and more about Mr. Moseley, than I am interested in knowing.

Compensation for this fault lies in the fact that Mosely was undoubtedly close to Baird through a great deal of the inventor's active life, and thus can, and does, present an accurate and detailed picture of him. The picture thus drawn, in journalese of only fair quality, but sometimes with considerable charm, is of what might be called the standard inventor type: eccentric, dissident, pig-headed, unbusinesslike, and undoubtedly a genius, buffeted by life and treated rather summarily by fellow scientists, and especially by the British Broadcasting Corporation. The emphasis throughout is on human values, with few technical details and no difficult technical jargon.

One could hope that this is not the last book on Baird; till a better comes along, however, it is worth reading by anyone interested in the early days of Television. A.S.

THE FAR COUNTRY: Nevil Shute; George J. McLeod;
pp. 343; \$4.00.

In his latest book Nevil Shute loudly sings the praises of the land down under, in which he is a new settler. At

times the story seems incidental to the appreciation felt for Australia, with her mutton roasts, and the bitterness expressed against England, her food shortages and her shabbiness.

A message to the reader is frequent in Shute's book, but he usually stops short of the point of propaganda. In this book his emotions override his discretion with the result of definite black and white pictures of the Old and New countries.

Like Shute, his heroine, Jennifer, is sick of London's fog and food queues, when the long arm of fate reaches in with £400 and transports her to Australia where everyone is prosperous and no one dies of starvation as her grandmother has just done in England. The fairy tale plot continues with Jennifer meeting a Czech doctor working off his two years as a lumberman. When the lovers reach a difficulty that seems insurmountable, the doctor discovers a sum of money buried under the ruined house of an earlier settler bearing his name; this timely discovery enables them to look forward to the time when they can settle down to enjoy their share of Australia's bounty.

Joan Morris

ATLANTIC ALLIANCE: NATO's Role in The Free World; Oxford (Royal Institute of International Affairs); pp. 150; \$1.50.

The Atlantic Community represents a form of political grouping that fits into none of the familiar categories. Born of the need to prepare for the defence of Europe it is primarily military, but is quickly discovering that it cannot proceed far without acquiring political and economic functions.

Until now NATO has received little publicity, which has probably aided its early development. But the time is approaching when public opinion in the fourteen member nations will have to pass judgment on the future development of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. A valuable contribution to this process has been made by the Chatham House Study Group which prepared this thorough and thoughtful report on the past, present and future of the Atlantic Community.

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The problems raised in this study are numerous and thorny. For example: how is the prospect of a united Germany affected by West German participation in NATO?; is there conflict with the movement towards European Federation?; how can colonial responsibilities and interests be balanced against European defence commitments? The wisdom of the members of the study group is demonstrated as much by the limited number and tentative nature of their recommendations, as by the intelligent and readable manner in which the subject has been reported on.

Read this book before you deliver that speech or write that article about NATO. *Albert A. Shea*

THE COURT AND THE CONSTITUTION: THE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES LECTURES, 1951; Owen J. Roberts; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 102; \$2.75.

Owen J. Roberts was an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States from 1930 to 1945. He became dean of the University of Pennsylvania law school in 1948. Canadians peering into the future of Canada's supreme court—which has just become a true supreme court—may find some assistance in this study of the role which the U. S. court has played in determining the respective powers of state governments and federal government. The author thinks that the court has limited and surrendered its intended role as the defender of state powers. Perhaps, he concedes, this has been both inevitable and beneficial.

Andrew Hebb.

A WORTHY MAN: Robert Standish; British Book Service; pp. 277; \$3.00.

In this novel the reader finds what he expects from a book by Standish—an Oriental background, combined this time with a character study of a worthy man. The feeling for the East is authentic and carries with it minute details of the life and feelings of the people of the countries that Standish is so familiar with. The character study of the hero does not carry with it the same ring of reality. The description of David is overdrawn—overdrawn to the point where the author himself cannot stomach it, and in the last chapter David's wife expresses what so many readers will feel when she calls him "a blind self-righteous fool."

In essence the story of a noble woman's personal sacrifice with the resultant ruin of at least three other lives among them David's, the book at times seems to be much ado about nothing. For those who have enjoyed Standish's former books, this book will present some of the same enticement of foreign flavor, but in this case might prove too much sugared by human nobleness.

Joan Morris.

CANADIAN POEMS 1850-1952: edited by Louis Dudek and Irving Layton; Contact Press, Toronto; pp. 127; \$2.00.

The compiler-poets state their credo as anthologists in an interesting and generally excellent preface-analysis—though can Dorothy Livesay's work be linked, even by inference, with the prairies? "We have frankly preferred poems," Messrs. Dudek and Layton declare, "which show a dark grain of fact running through them . . . we have tried to avoid old hat, old forms, and old ideas repeated at tenth hand . . . Good poetry . . . is intelligent, complex, many-sided, slow but wonderful in its achievement. We believe that our readers will find such poetry in this book."

If sometimes the reader may fail to do so it is mainly due to another aim of the two editors—to choose work, as far as possible, which has not been in anthologies before. While

this is also an admirable goal, and justification, if any is needed, for a new anthology's appearance, it has occasionally resulted in a poet being represented by less than his best or his characteristic work.

One is happy to find some of the newcomers present—Colleen Thibeau and Anne Wilkinson in particular, and Roy Daniels taking his rightful place. Another welcome inclusion is Patrick Waddington. One regrets the absence of A. G. Bailey, and questions, possibly, Charles Heavysege's omission from the brief roster of pre-Roberts poets.

A joy of a new anthology is that of finding familiar and long-favorite work coming at one, as it were, with fresh impact and delight because set in a new context; for example, the four poems by P. K. Page which are among highlights of the book and the two from James Reaney's "The Red Heart."

Anne Marriott.

Our Contributors

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

ESSAYS ON THE THEATRE

By BERNARD SHAW. Selected with an
Introduction by A. C. WARD

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